200

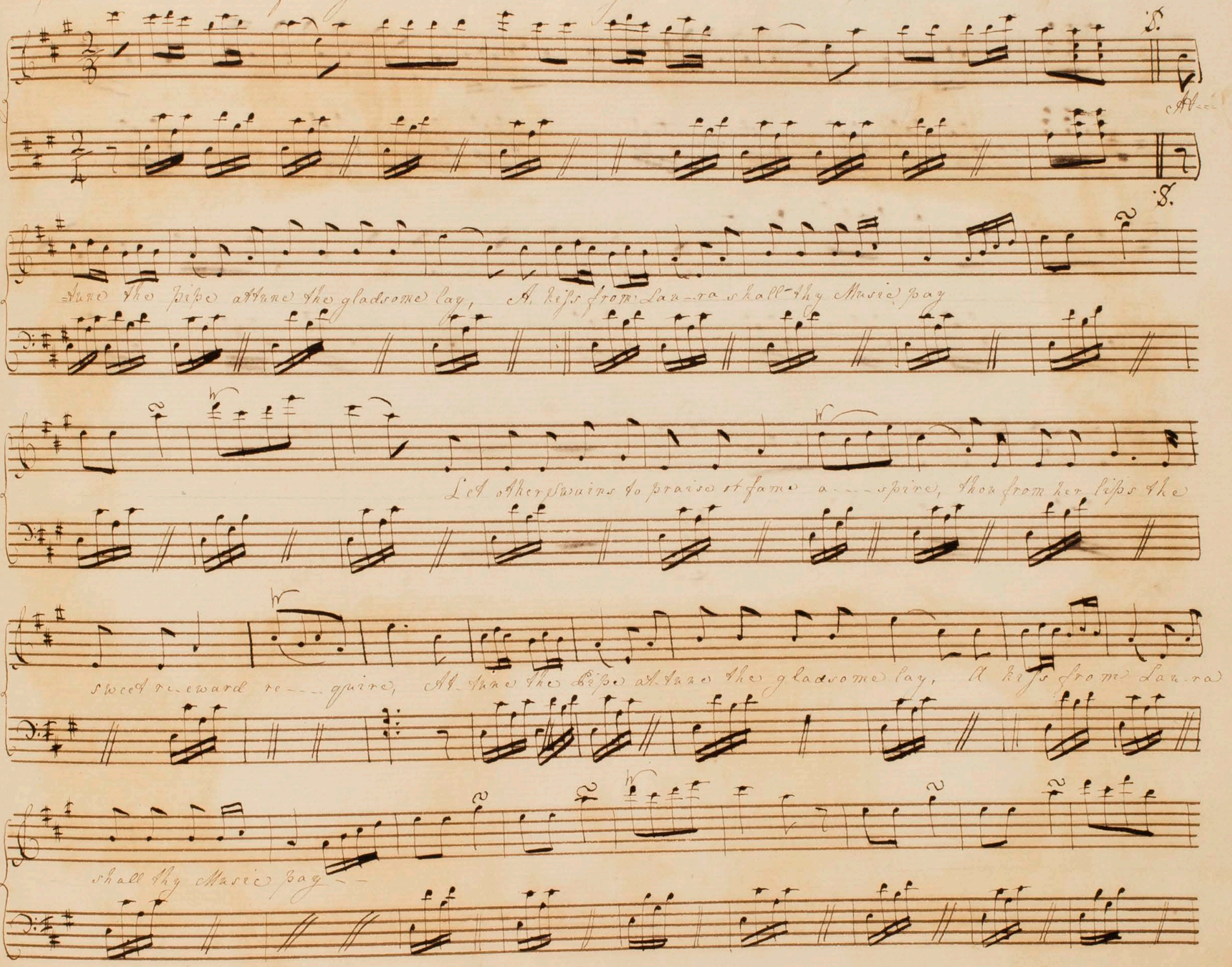
Made & Sold by Muzio Clementi & Co. No. 26 Cheapside.

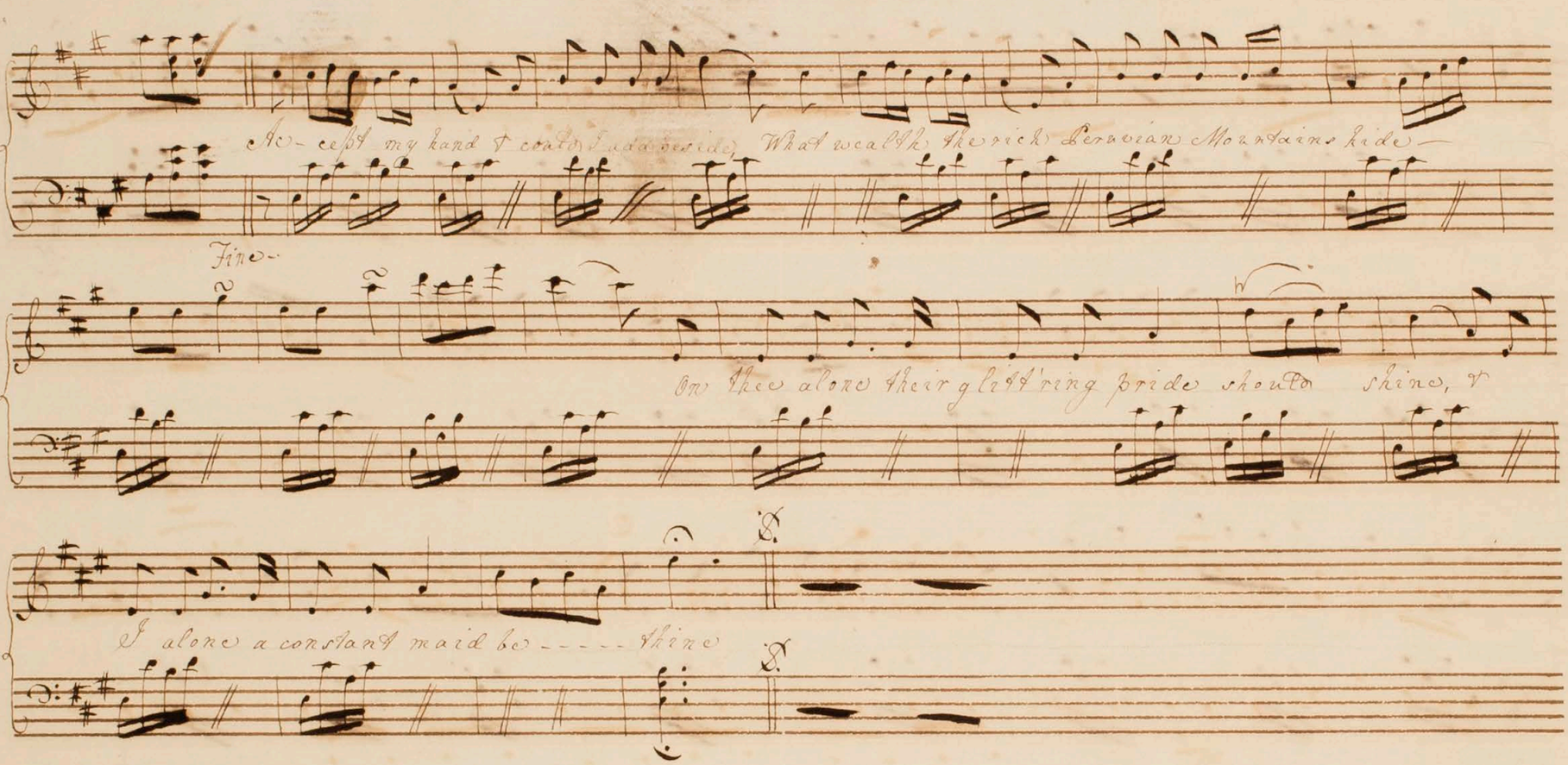
New Years gift from Mama -

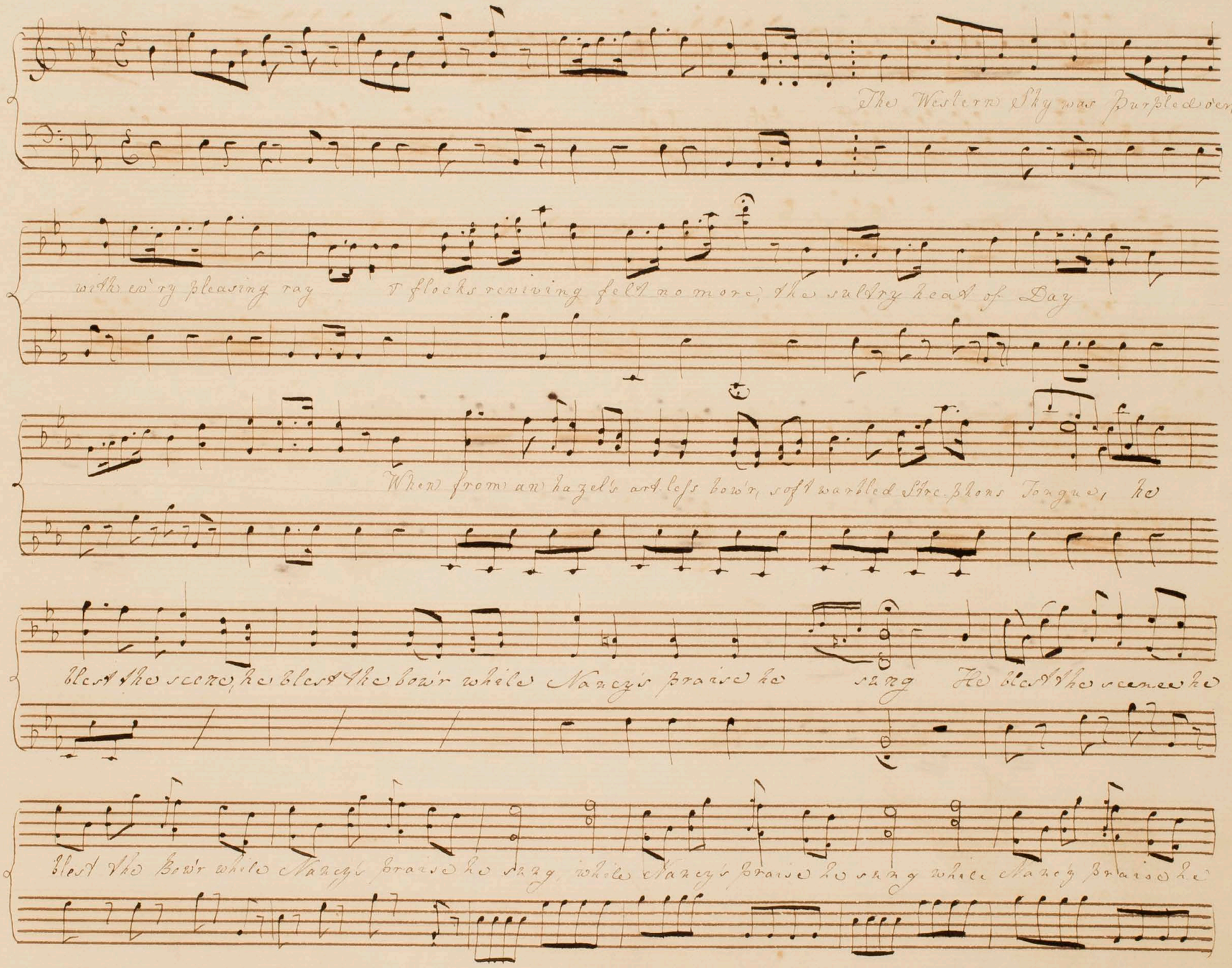
January 1806 -.

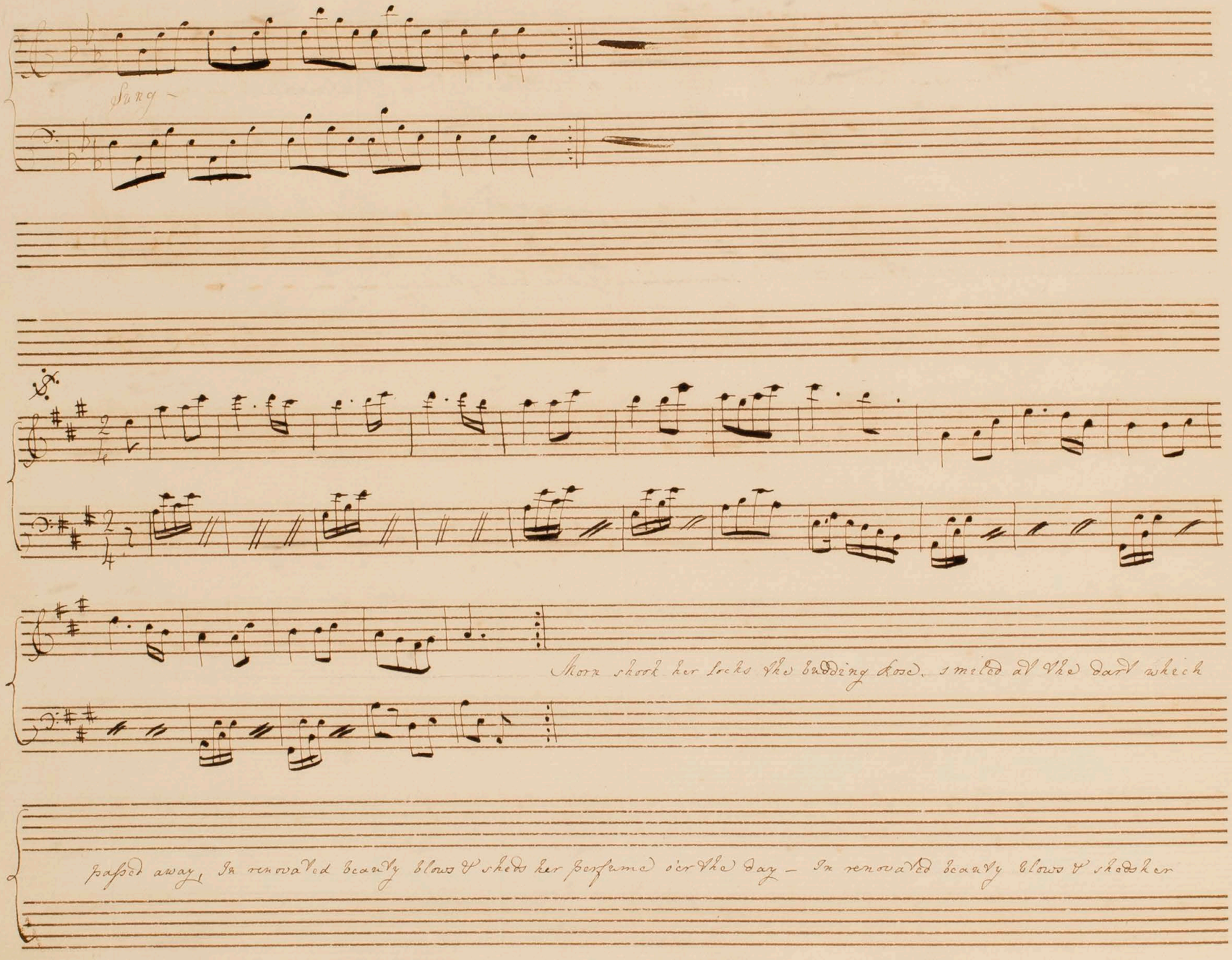
IRVING
LOWENS

The celebrated Air of Pleyels introduced & sung in the Haunted Tower




Ac- cept my hand & crown'd a bride, What wealth the rich Peruvian Mountains hide—
Fine.
On thee alone their glitt'ring pride should shine, V
I alone a constant maid be - - - - shine
D.S.


The Western Sky was purpled o'er,
with ev'ry pleasing ray
& flocks reviving felt no more the sultry heat of Day
When from an hazel's artless bow'r, soft warbled Strephons Tongue, he
blest the scene, he blest the bow'r while Nancy's praise he sung He blest the scene he
blest the bow'r while Nancy's praise he sung while Nancy's praise he sung while Nancy's praise he


Sung –
Morn shook her locks the budding rose, smiled all the dark which
passed away, In renovated beauty blows & sheds her perfume o'er the day – In renovated beauty blows & sheds her

perfume oer the day – When Lubin Natures rustic child formd calm contentment to enjoy &c

sweetly then in Wood notes wild would cheerful sing "the village Boy" – – – – –

The Lucky Escape –

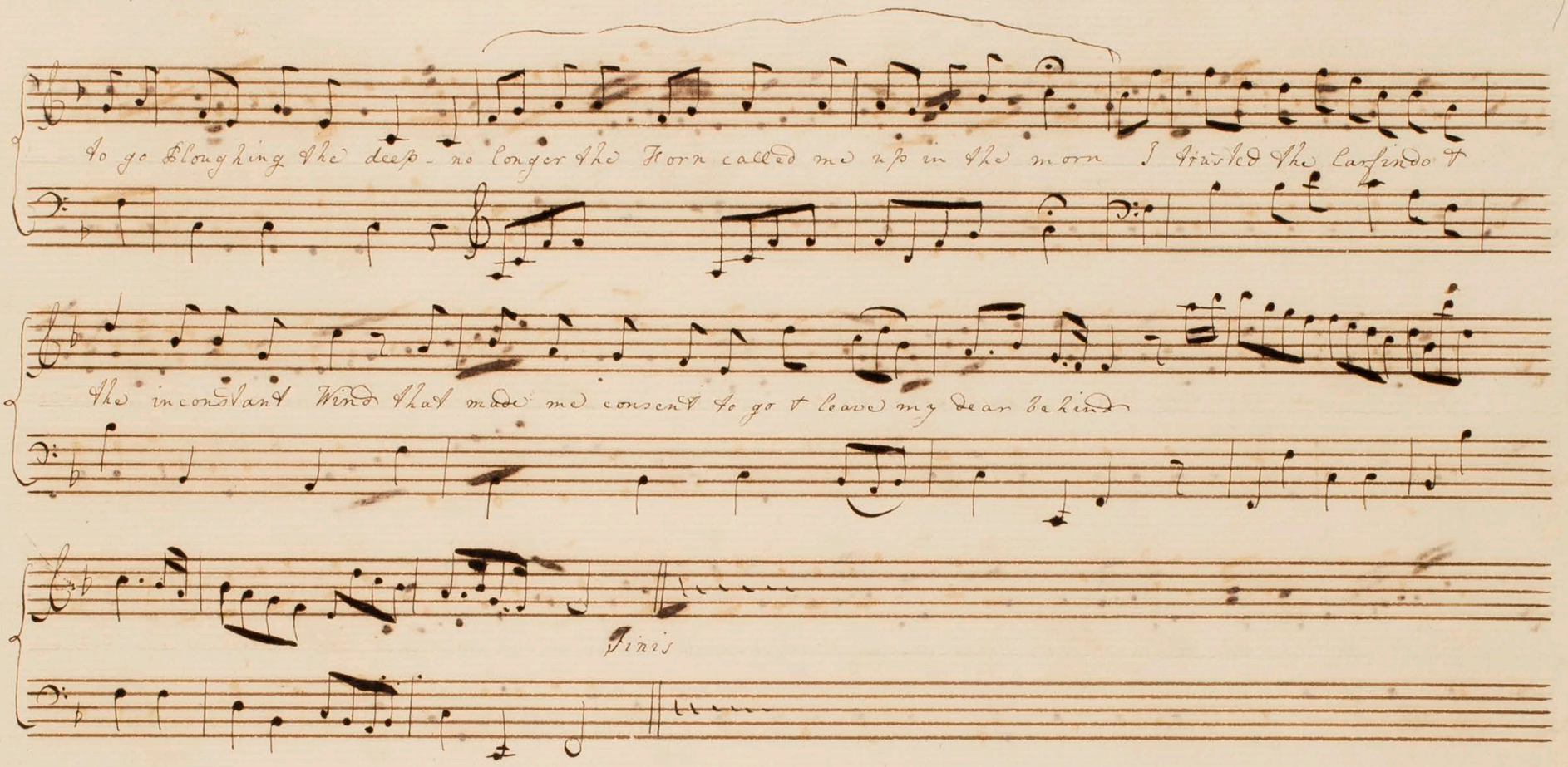
Allegretto –

I that once was a Ploughman a Sailor, am now, No Lark that aloft in the Sky ever flatter'd his

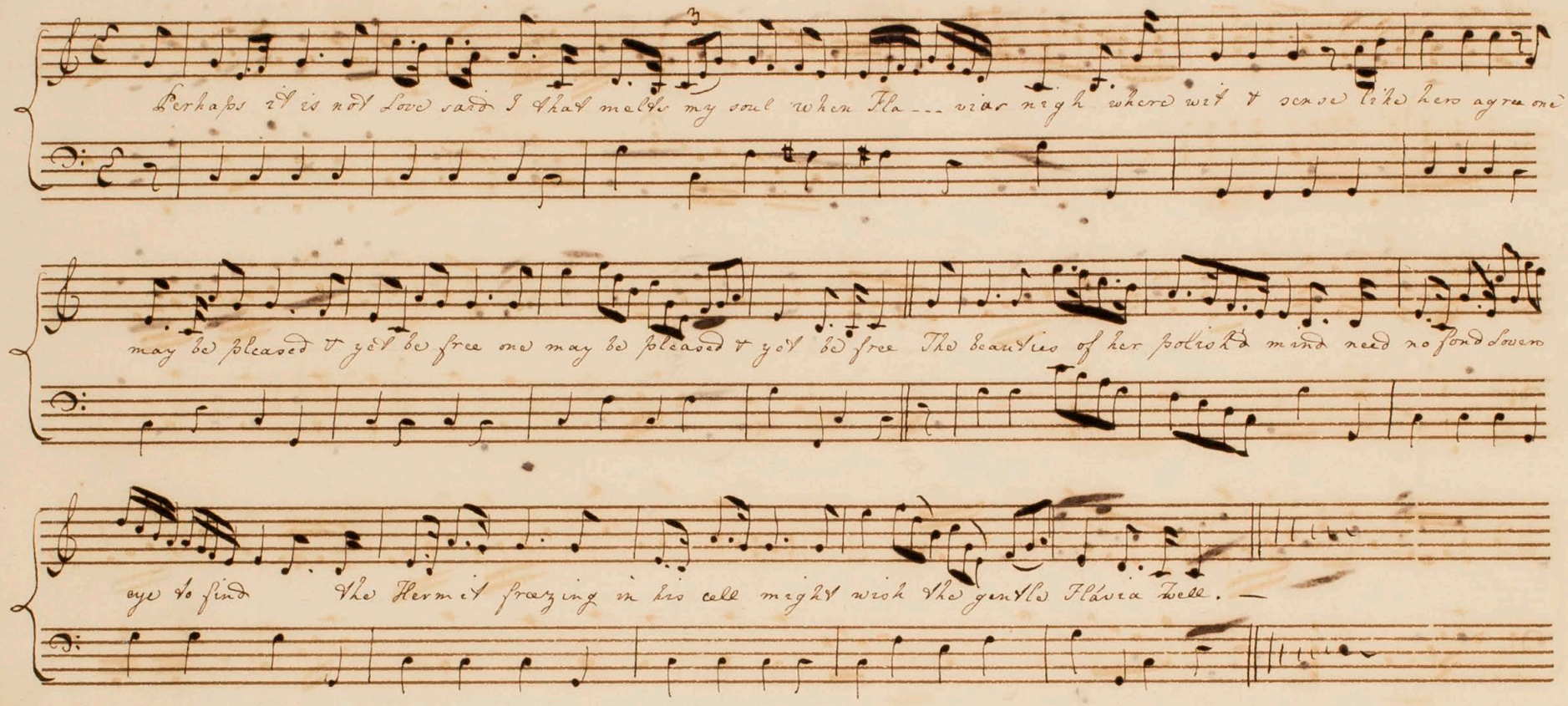
Wings to give speed to the Plough was so gay & so careless as I was so gay & so careless as I. But my

Friend was a tarpinter aboard a Kings Ship. & he asked me to go to Sea just for a Trip & he talked of such

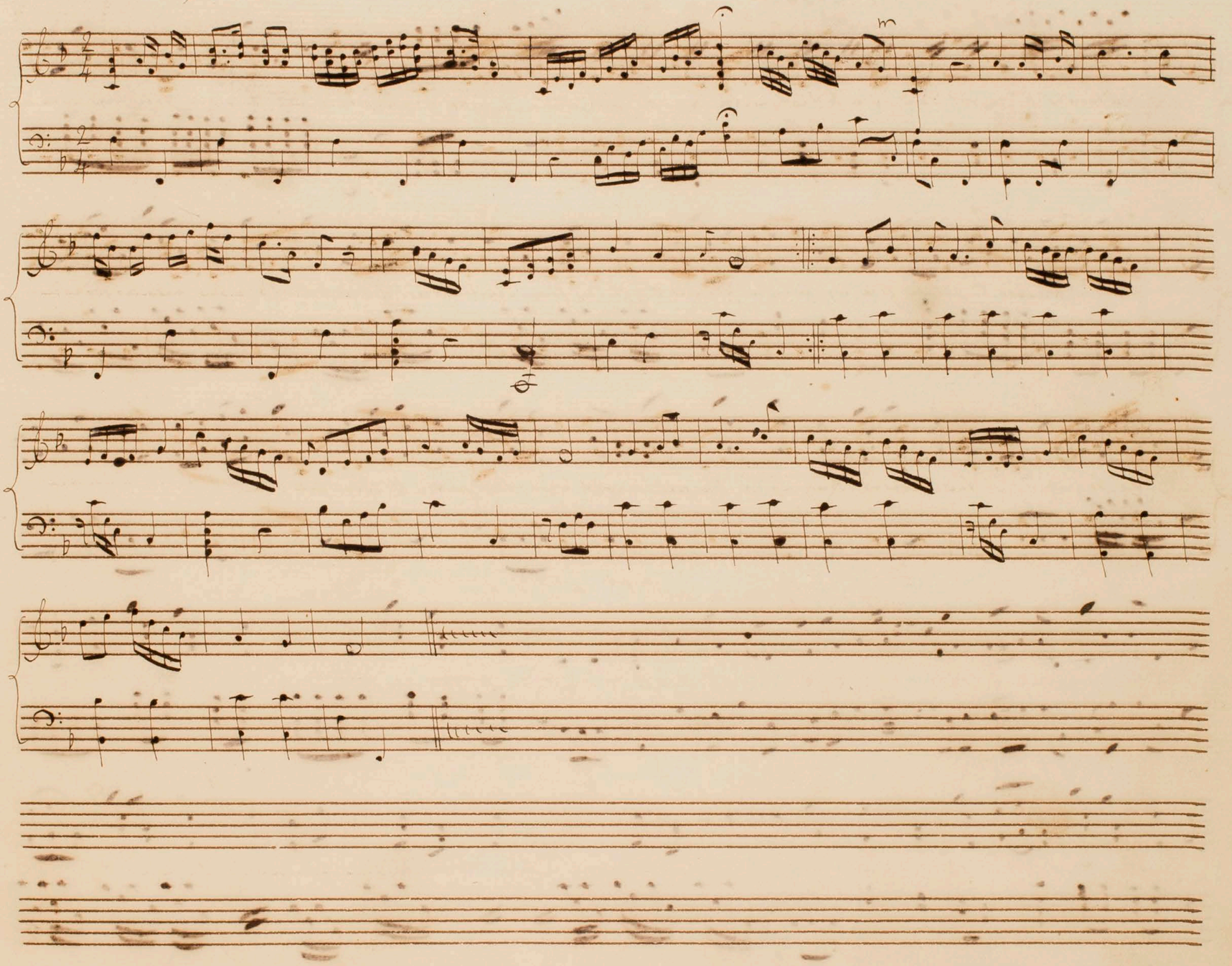
things as if Sailors were Kings – & so teazing did keep & so teazing did keep that I left my poor Plough


To go Ploughing the deep - no longer the Horn called me up in the morn I trusted the Carfendo &
the inconstant Wind that made me consent to go & leave my dear behind
Finis

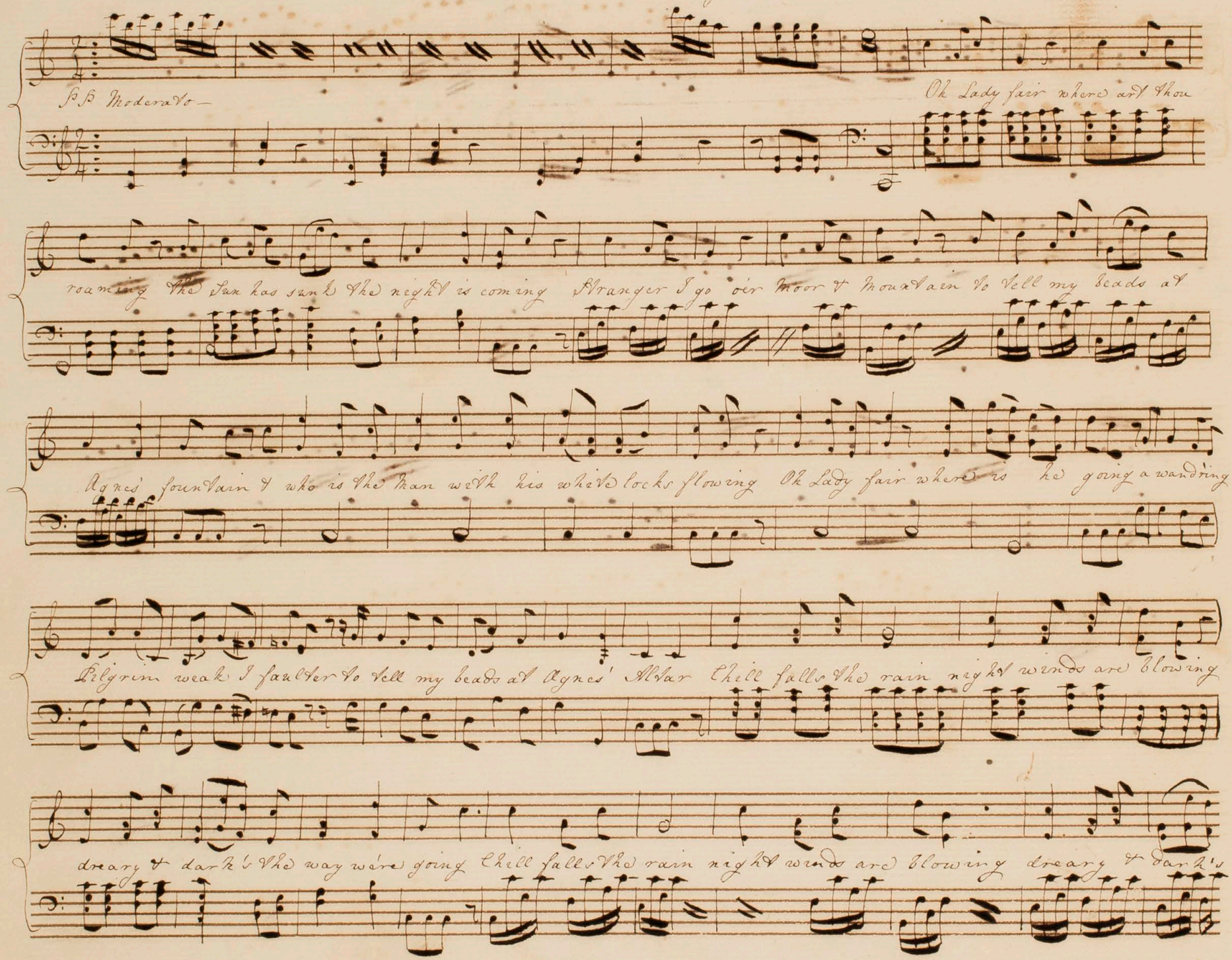
Flavia –

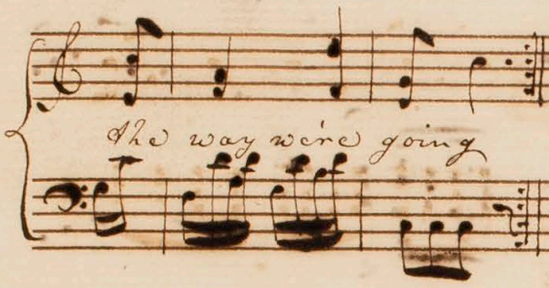

Perhaps it is not Love said I that melts my soul when Fla--- viar nigh where wit & sense like hero agree one
may be pleased & yet be free one may be pleased & yet be free The beauties of her polished mind need no fond lovers
eye to find the Hermit frazing in his cell might wish the gentle Flavia Well. –

French Air -

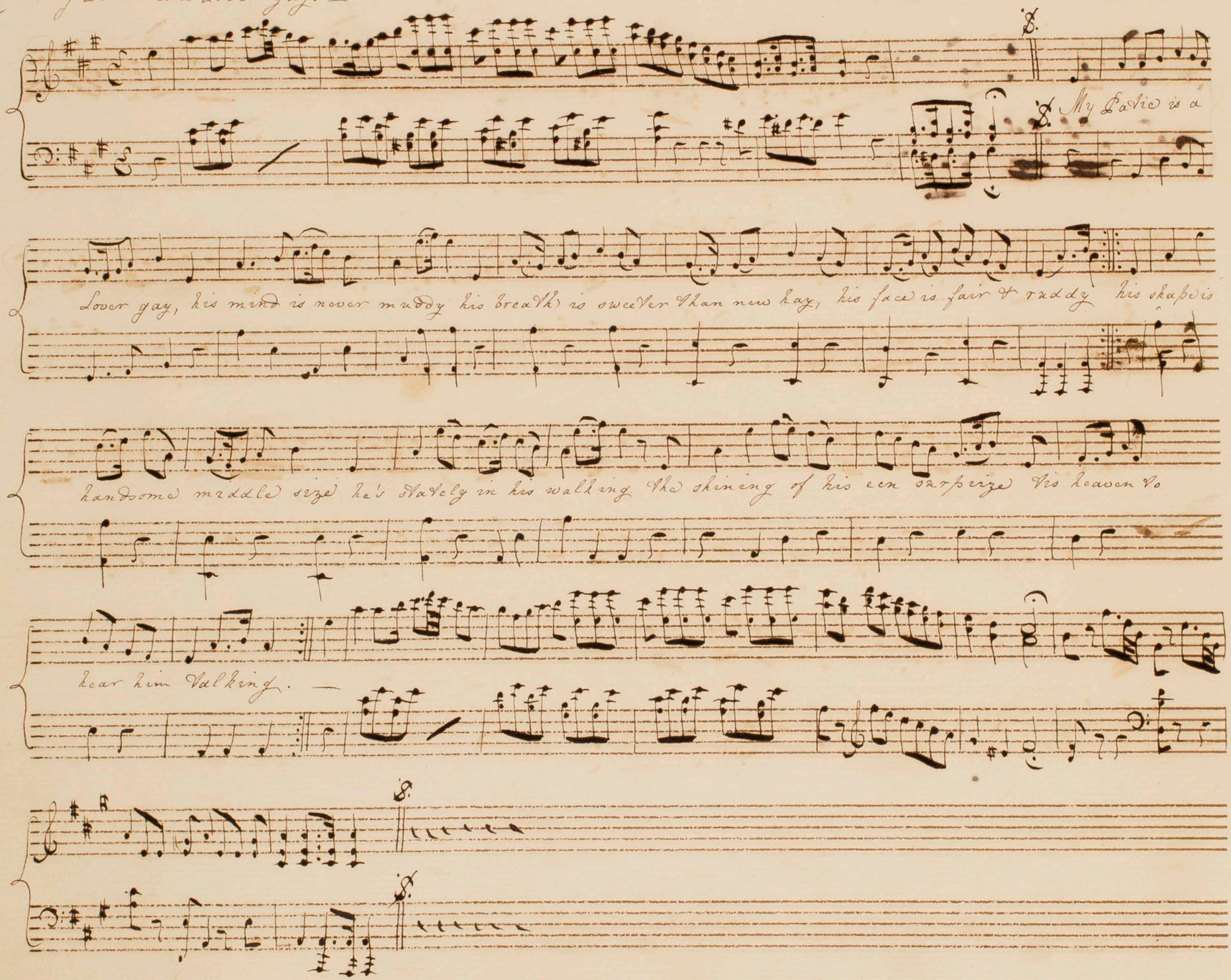


Oh Lady fair – A favourite Ballad – written & composed by Thomas Moore Esquire –




the way we're going

My Dadie is a Lover gay. —



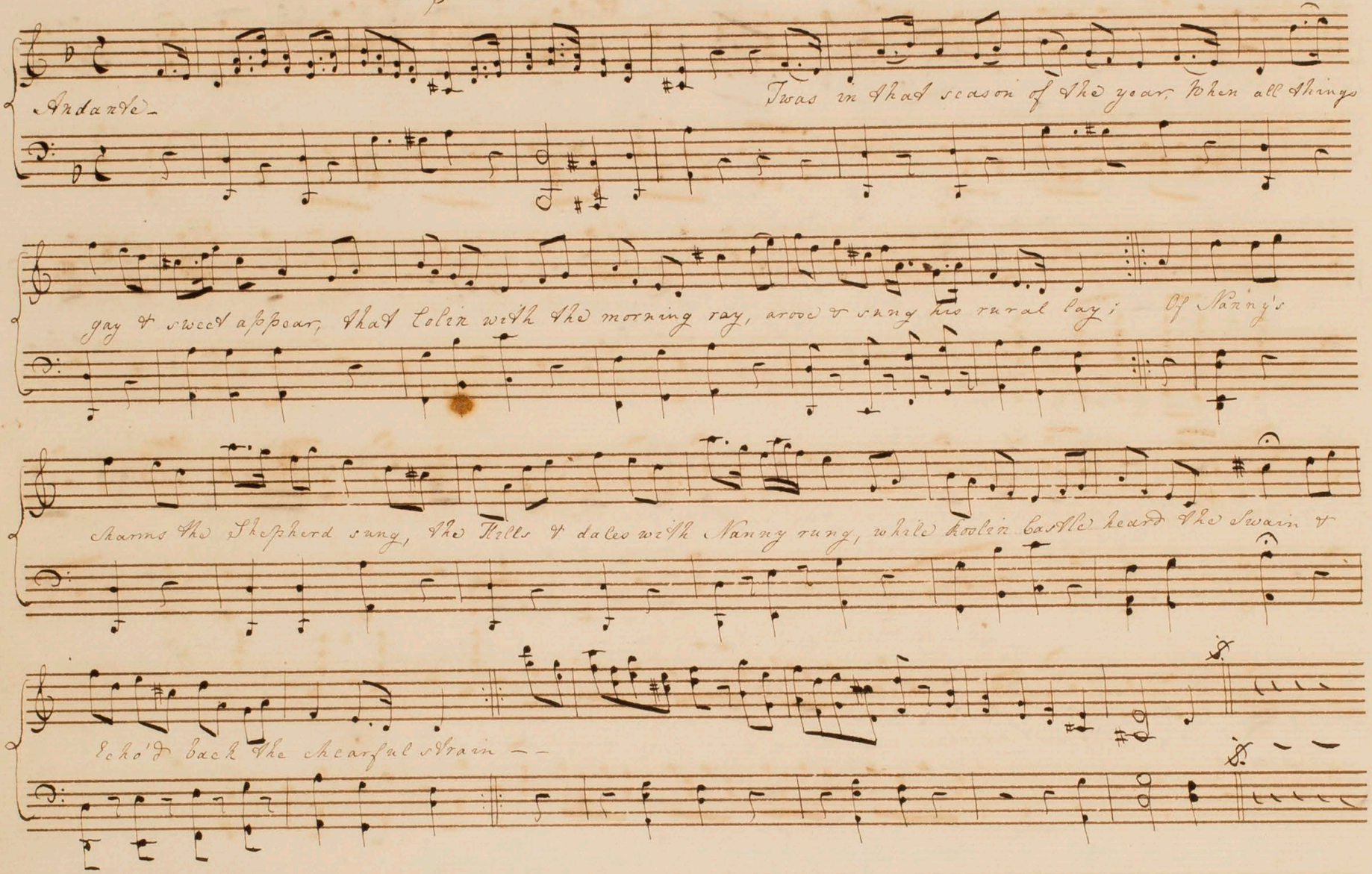
From thee Eliza I must go

From thee Eliza I must go, & from my native shore: The cruel fates be-

twen us throw a boundless Ocean's roar: But boundless Ocean's roaring wide between my Love & me, they

never never can divide, my heart & soul from thee — — — —

'Twas in that season of the Year — —



Will ye go to the Ewe-bughts Marion? —

Andante

Will ye go to the Ewe-bughts, Marion, & wear in the Sheep wi' me? The

Sun shines sweet, my Marion, But nae half sae sweet as thee The Sun shines sweet my Marion but

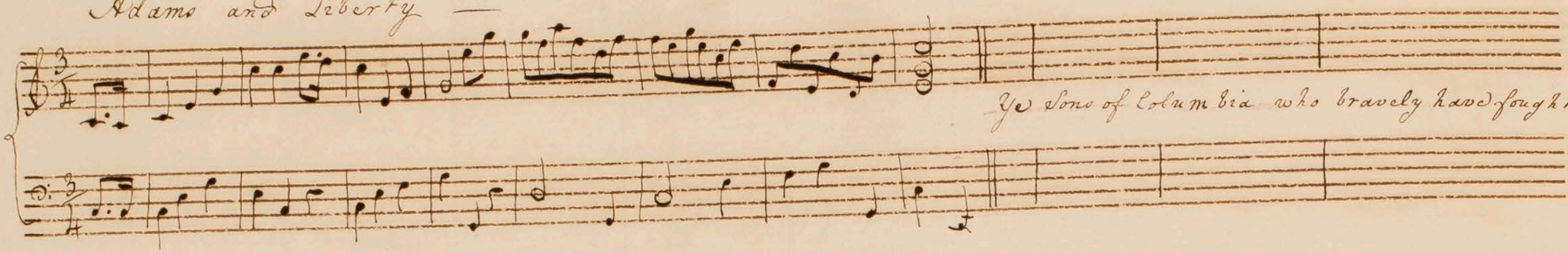
nae half sae sweet as thee. - - - - -

Oh! open the door.

Oh! open the door some pity to shew Oh! open the

door to me - Oh! Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true; Oh! open the door to me Oh!

Adams and Liberty —

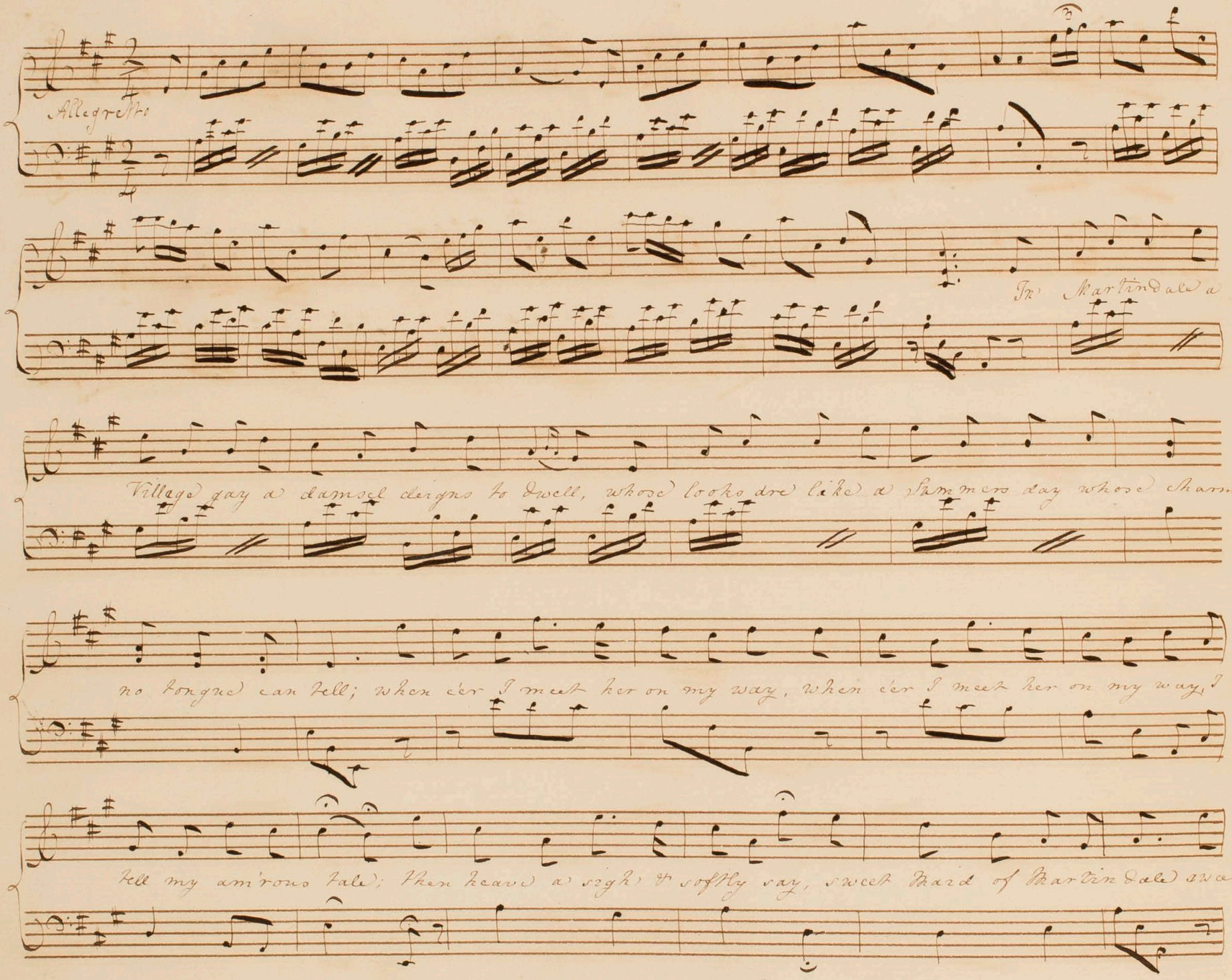


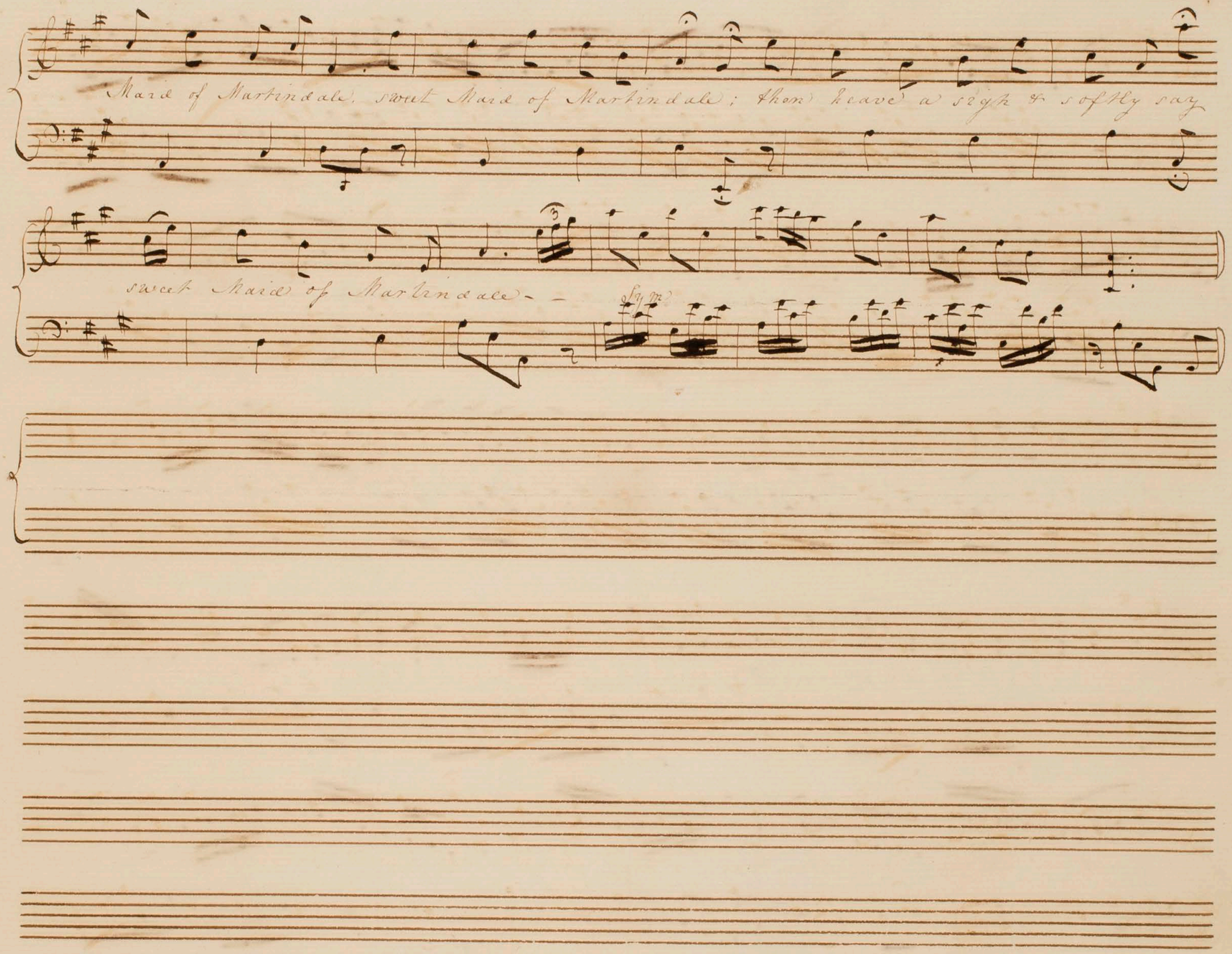
for those rights which unstained from your sires had descended, may you long taste the blessing your Valor

has bought, & your Sons reap the soil, which your Fathers defended, mid the reign of mild peace may your

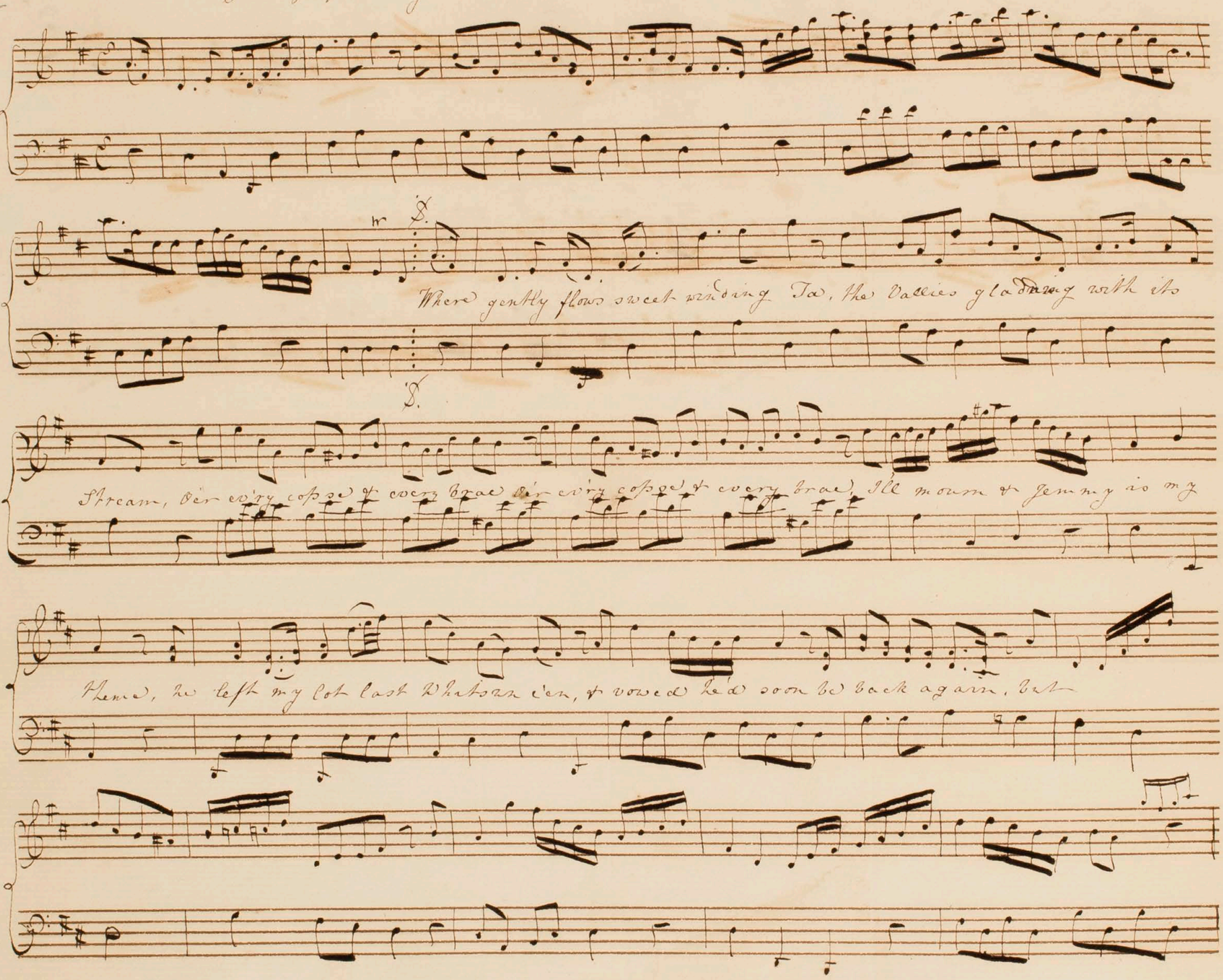
nation encreased, with the glory of Rome & the Wisdom of Greece. & ever may the Sons of Columbia

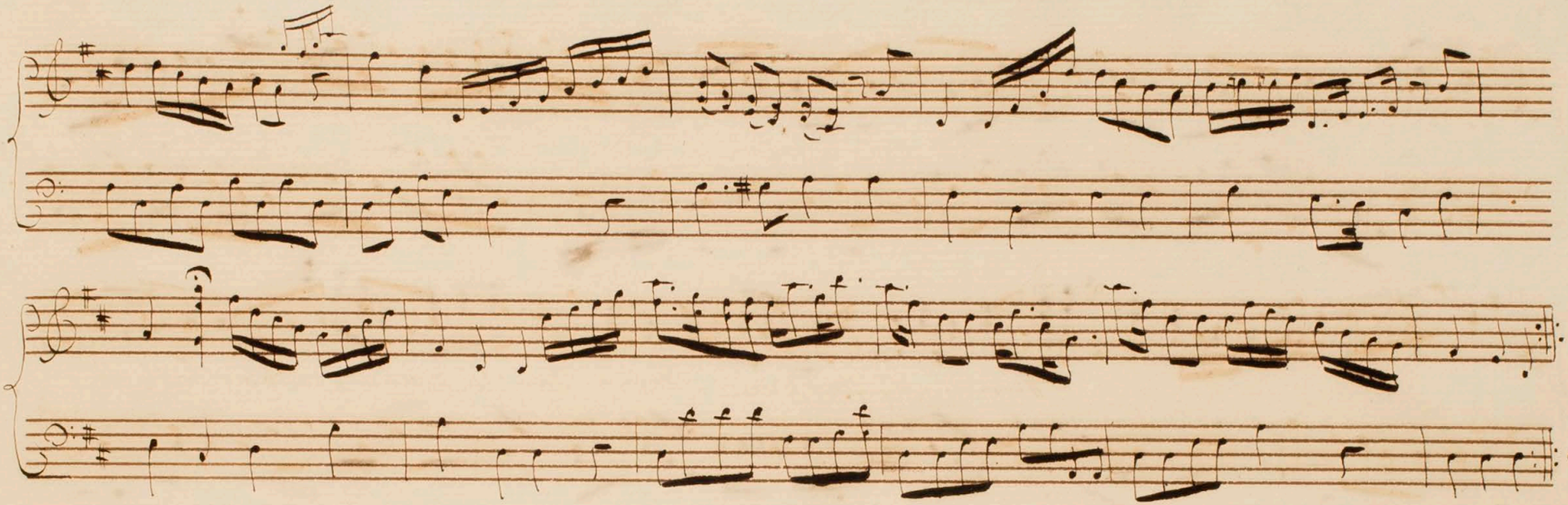
be Slaves, while the Earth bears a plant or the Sea rolls its Waves — —


Allegretto
In Martindale a
Village gay a damsel dwells to dwell, whose looks are like a Summers day whose charms
no tongue can tell; when e'er I meet her on my way, when e'er I meet her on my way,
tell my am'rous tale; then heave a sigh & softly say, sweet Maid of Martindale sweet

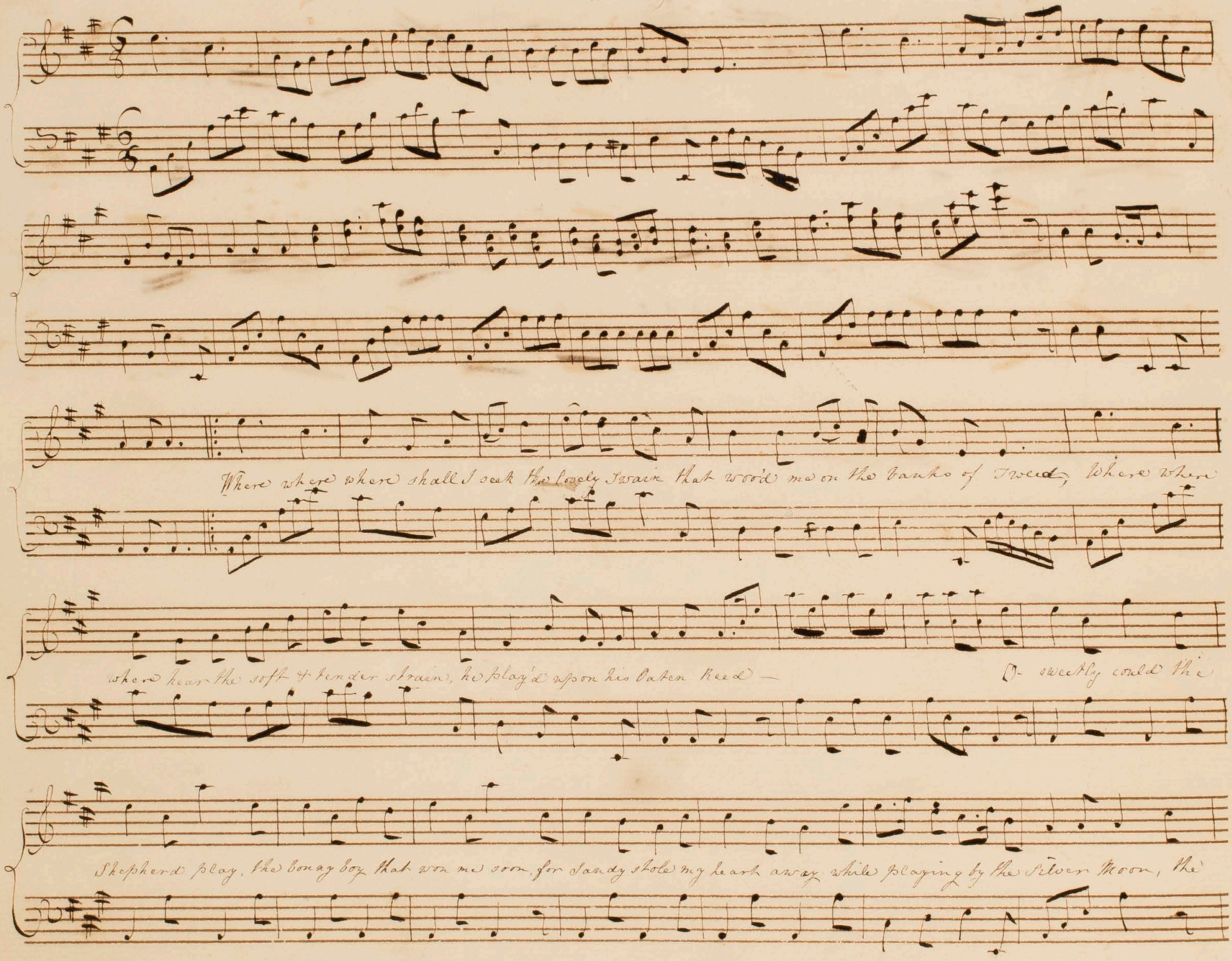

Maid of Martindale, sweet Maid of Martindale; then heave a sigh & softly say
sweet Maid of Martindale - -

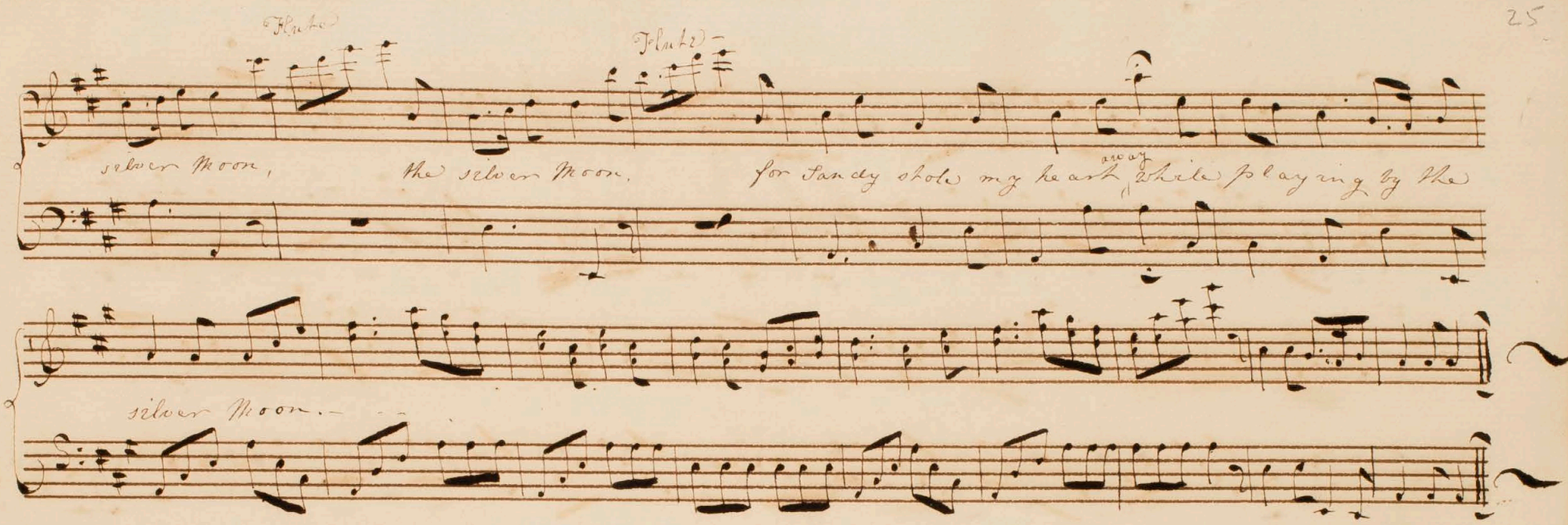
Jenny of the Glen —





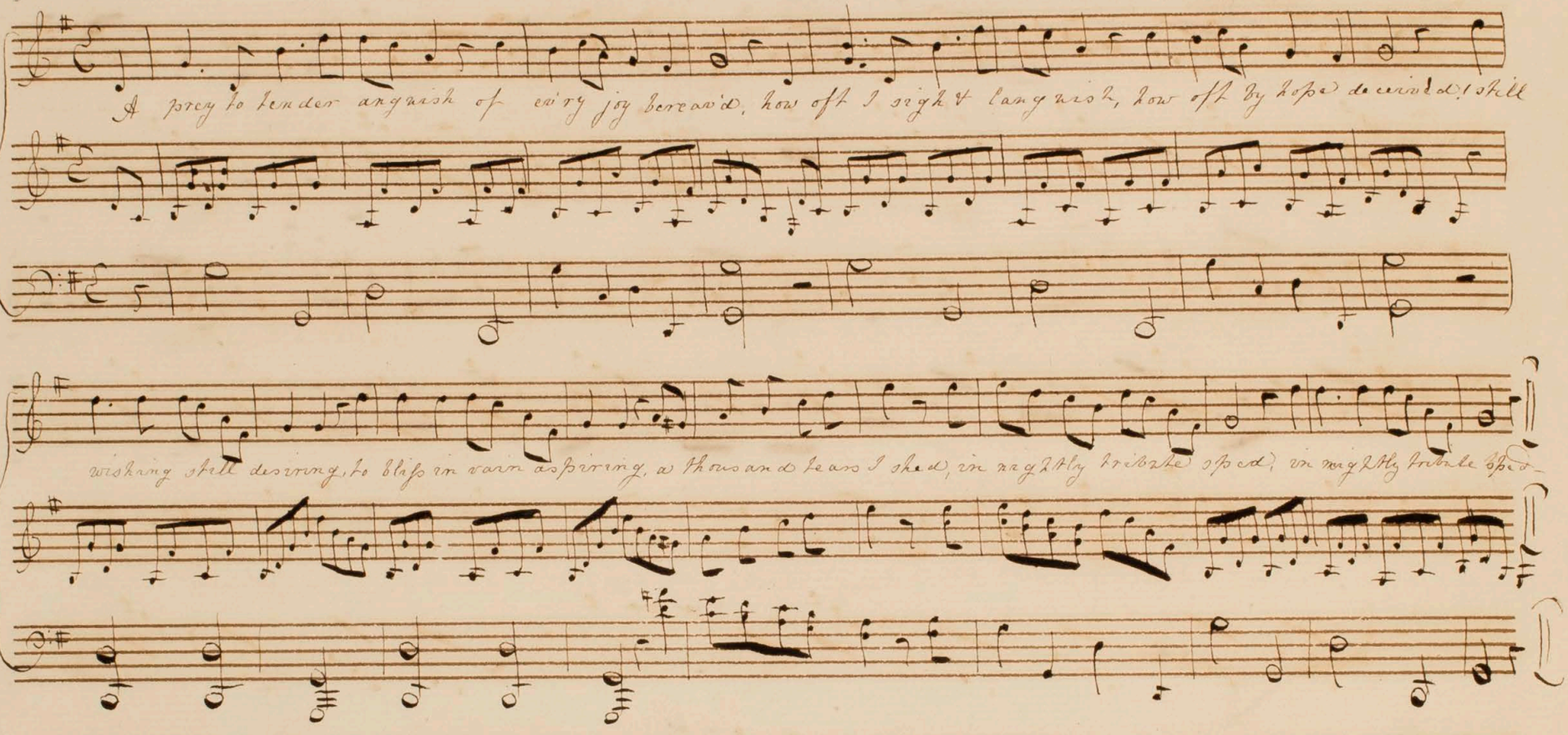
The Silver Moon — — Composed by Mr. Hook —





Where can he stray Oh: tell me where,
Return my Love, return to me,
Come let us to the Grot repair,
That overlooks the surgy Sea,
And when the Village train's at rest
My Bonny Boy thy bag-pipes tune,
For what can e'r our loves molest
While playing by the Silver Moon.

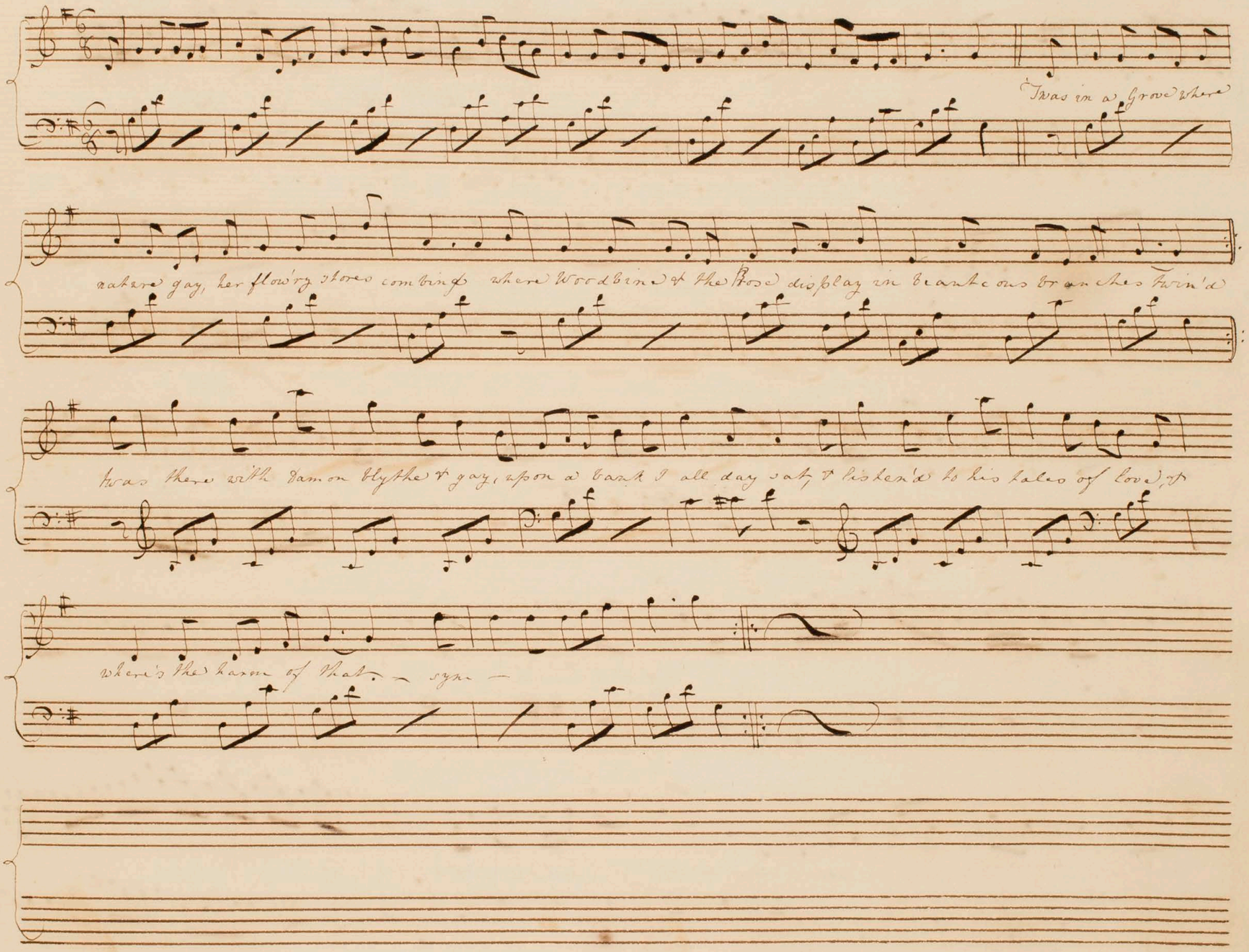
A Prey to tender Anguish — composed by Dr. Haydn —



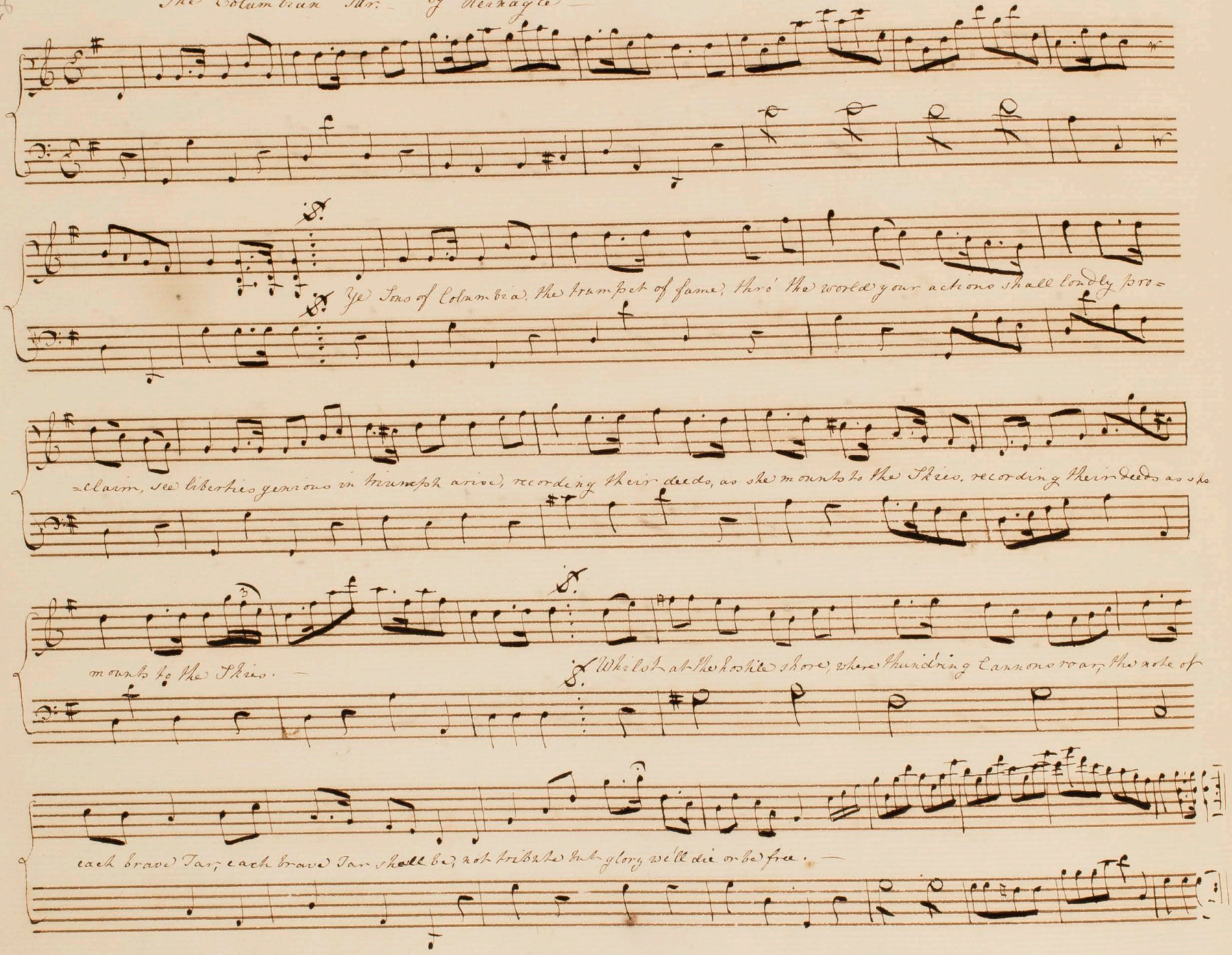
And low'd fame betraying,
And friends no longer true
The smiles my face arraying
No heart so fraught with woe,
To pass'd my lifes sad morning
Young joys no more returning
Alas, now all around
Is dark & cheerless found —

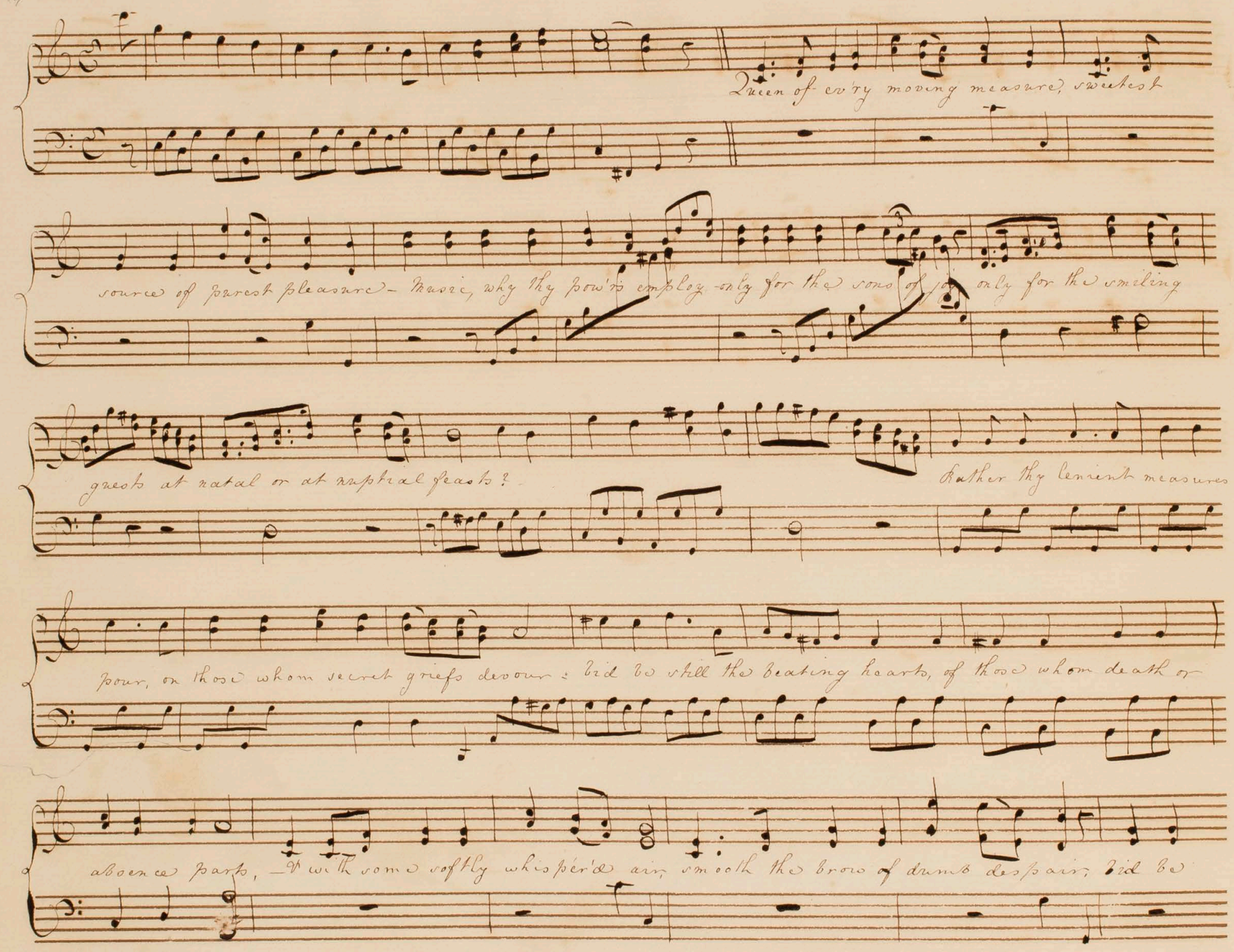
Ah why did nature give me
A heart so soft & true,
A heart to pain & grieve me
At ills that others me.
At others ills thus wailing
And inward griefs bewailing,
With double anguish fraught,
To throe each pulse is taught.

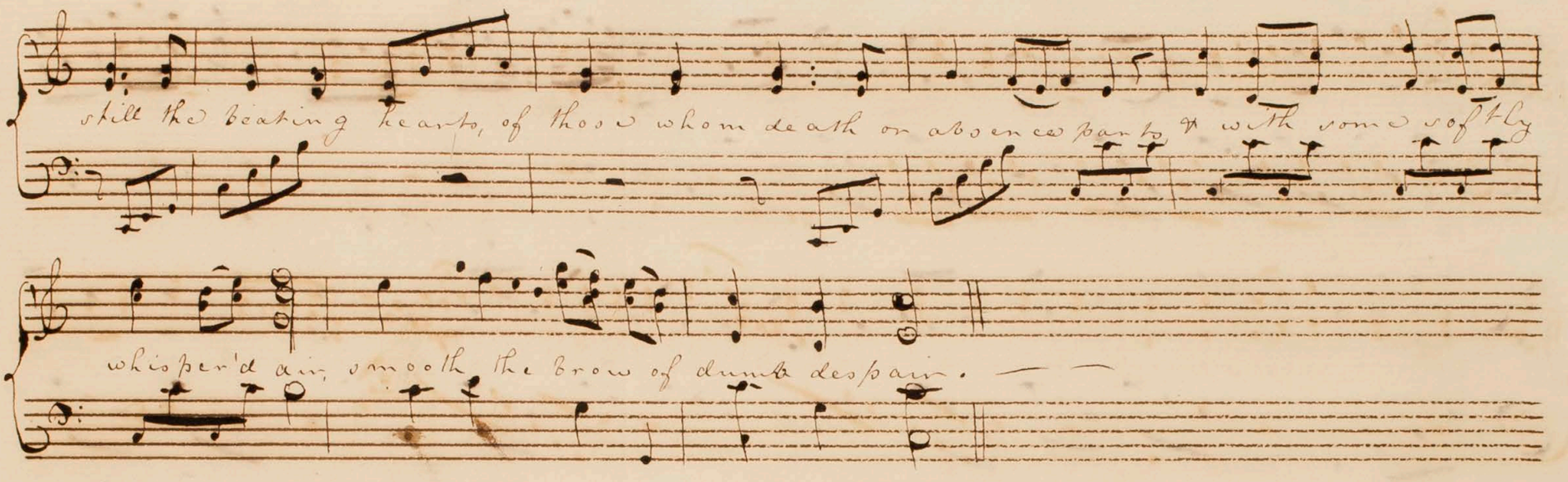
Where's the harm of that —


Twas in a Grove where
nature gay, her flow'ry stores combine where Woodbine & the Rose display in beauteous branches twin'd
twas there with Damon blythe & gay, upon a bank I all day sat, & listen'd to his tales of love, &
where's the harm of that — sym —

The Columbian Tar. — by Reinagle —




Queen of ev'ry moving measure, sweetest
source of purest pleasure – Music, why thy pow'rs employ only for the sons of joy only for the smiling
guests at natal or at nuptial feasts?
Rather thy lenient measures
pour, on those whom secret griefs devour: bid be still the beating hearts, of those whom death or
absence parts, – With some softly whisper'd air, smooth the brow of dumb despair; bid be

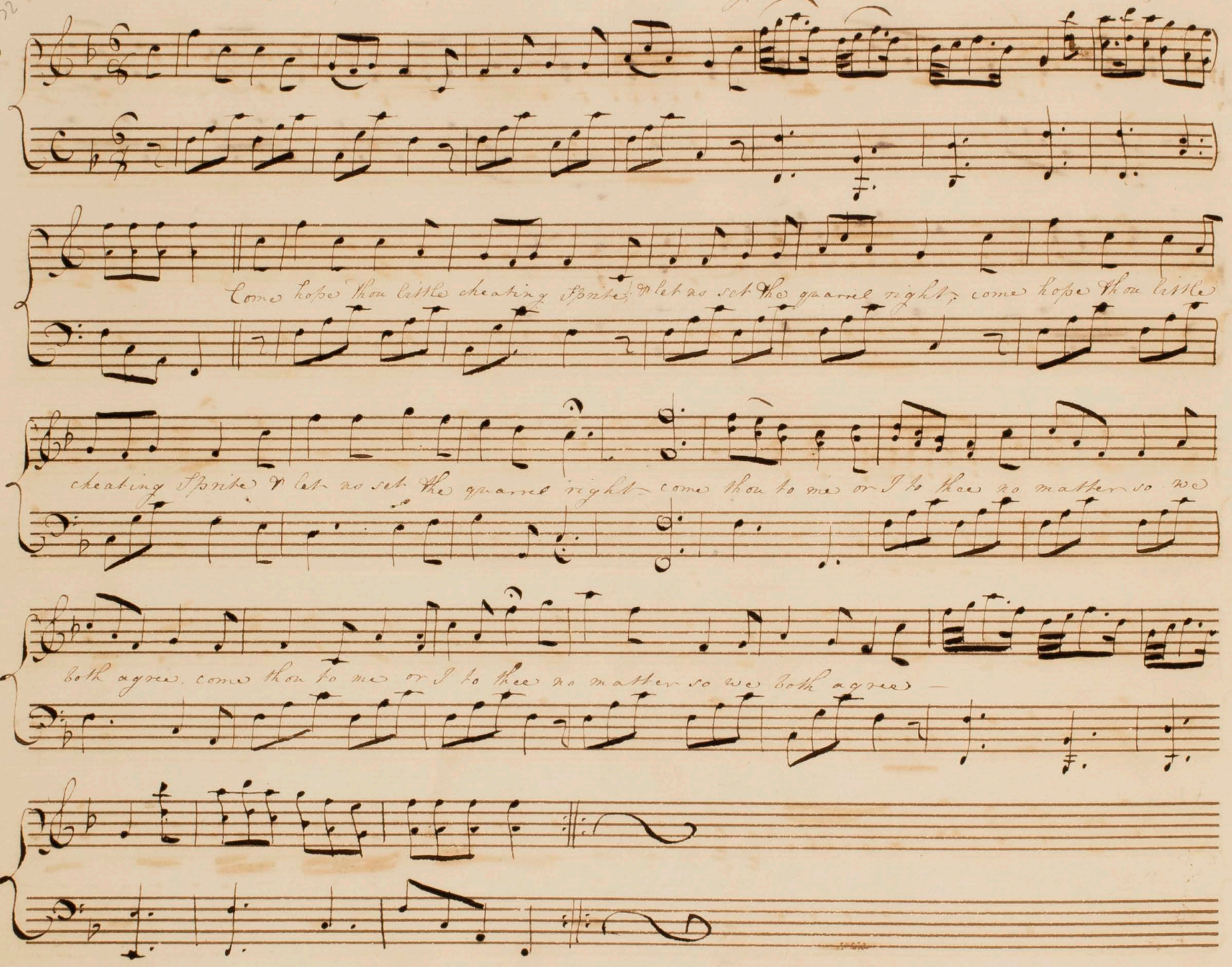

still the beating hearts, of those whom death or absence parts, & with some softly
whisper'd air, smooth the brow of dumb despair.

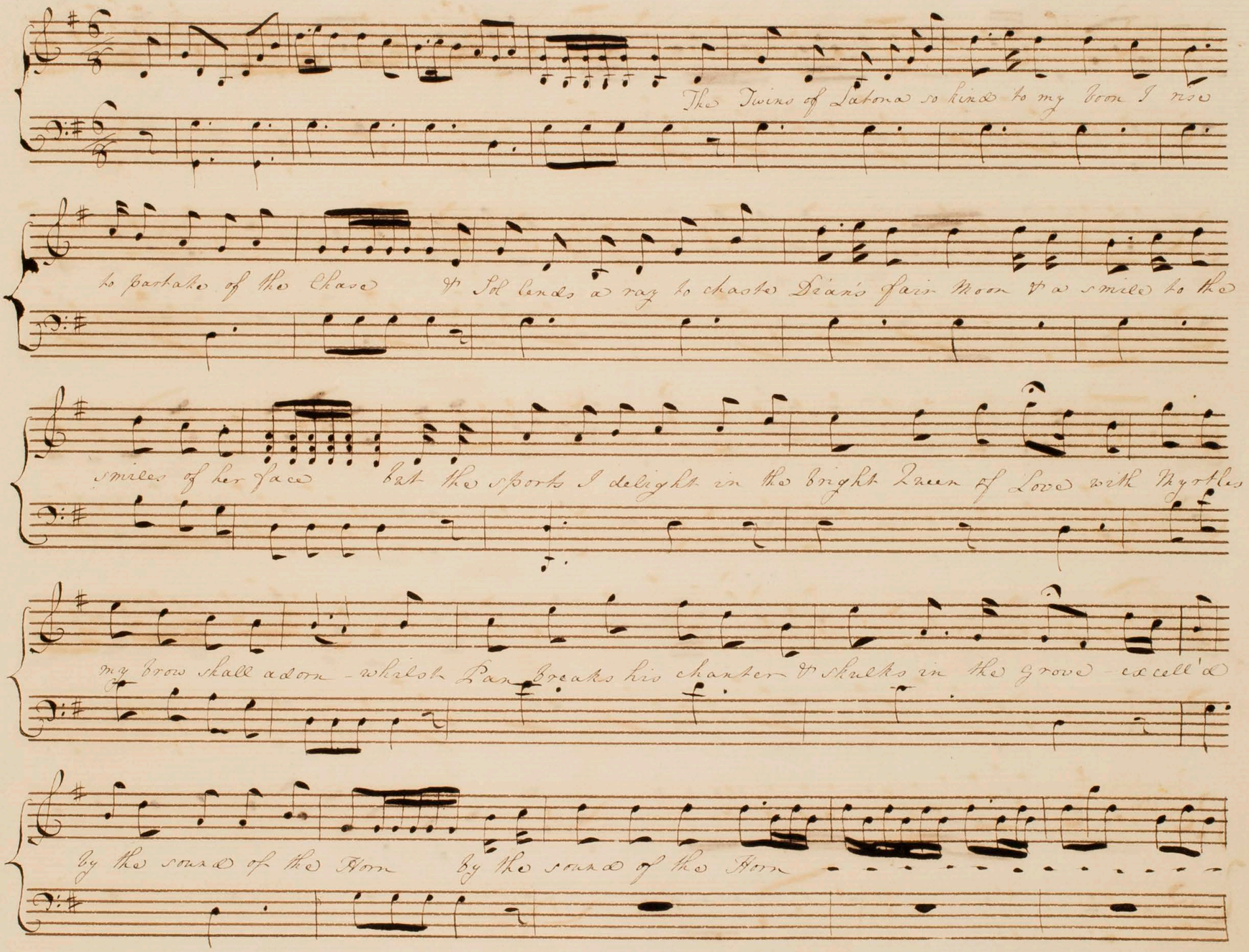
Come, Hope thou little cheating Sprite

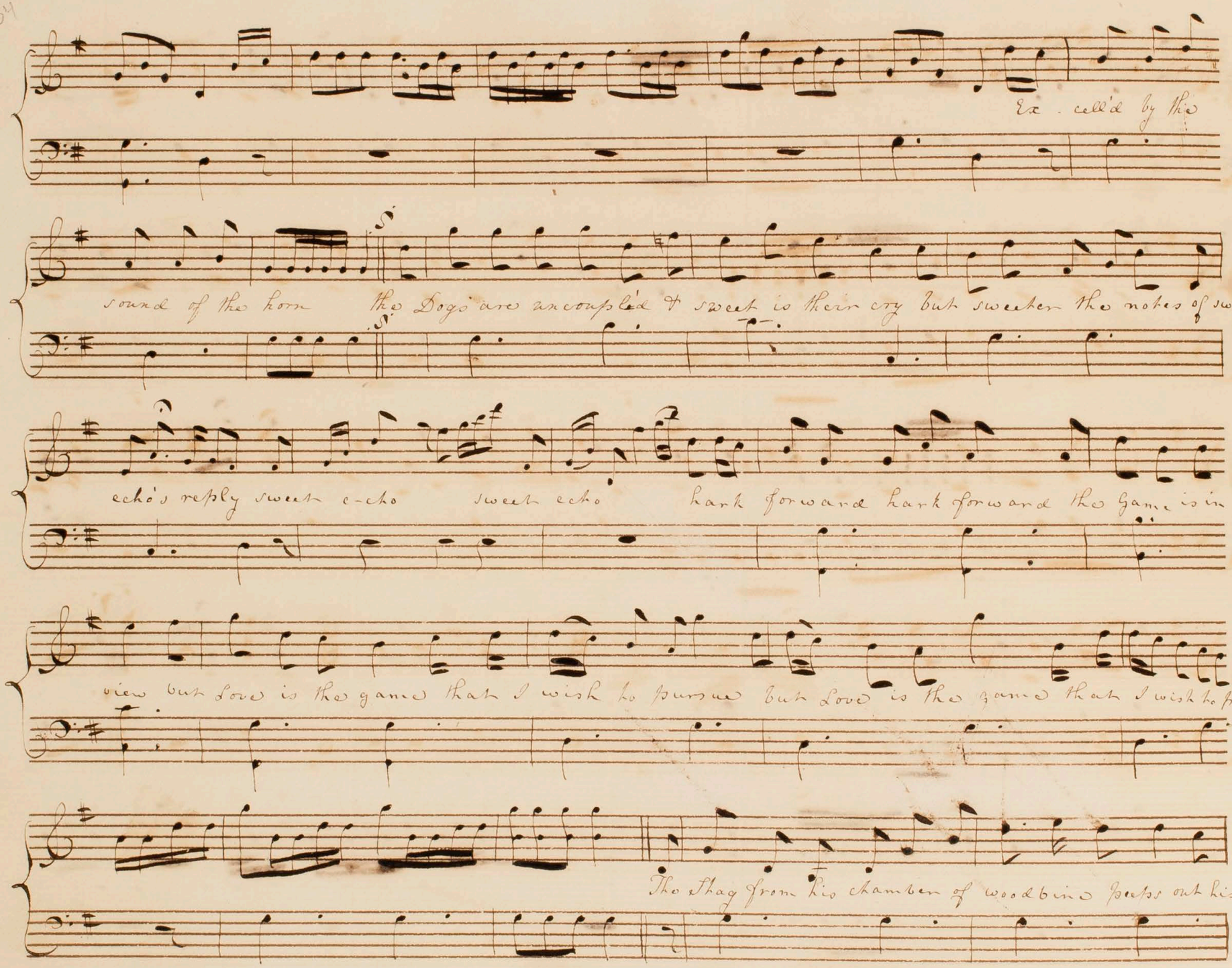
Dignum —

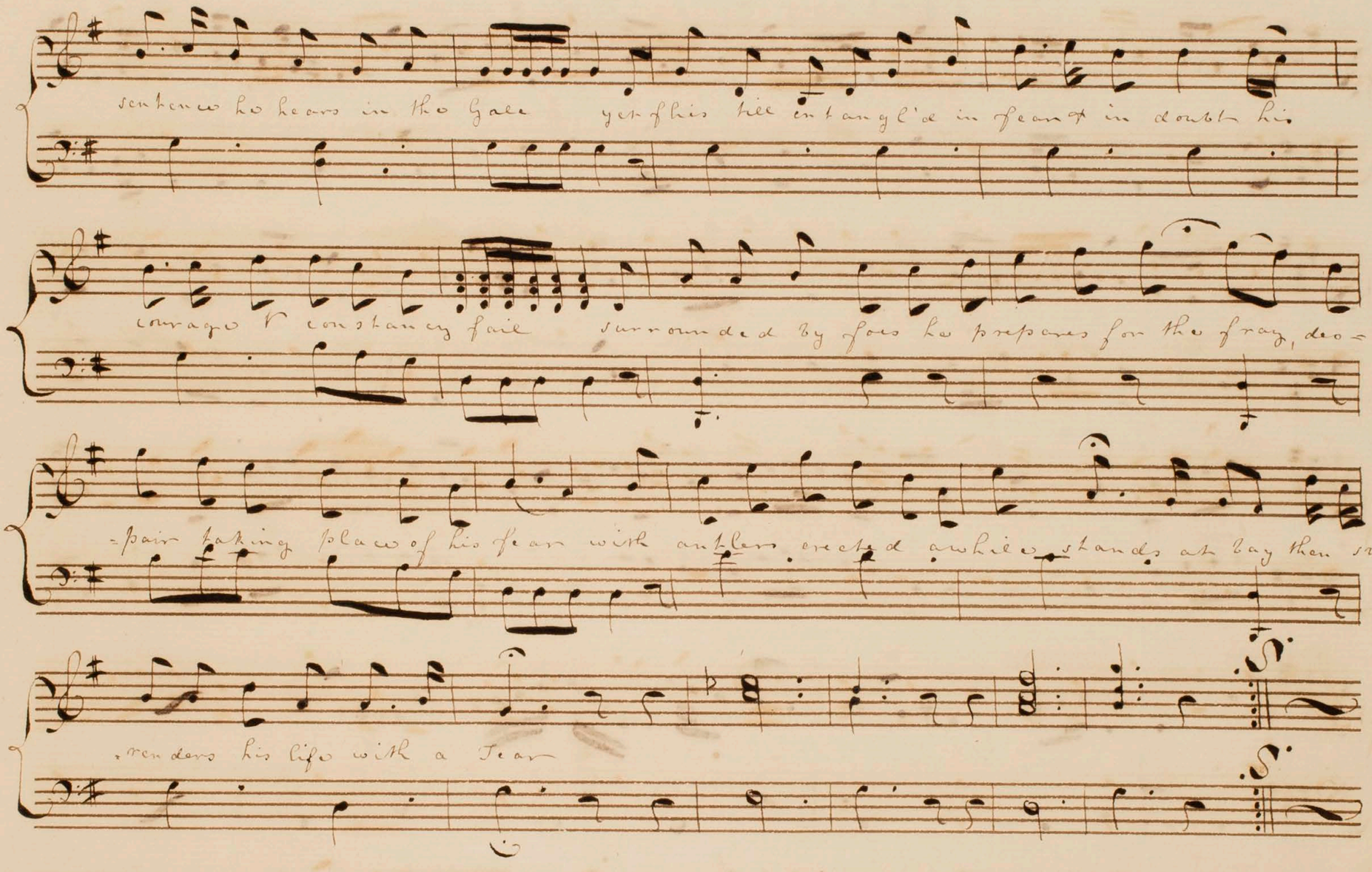
Moderato

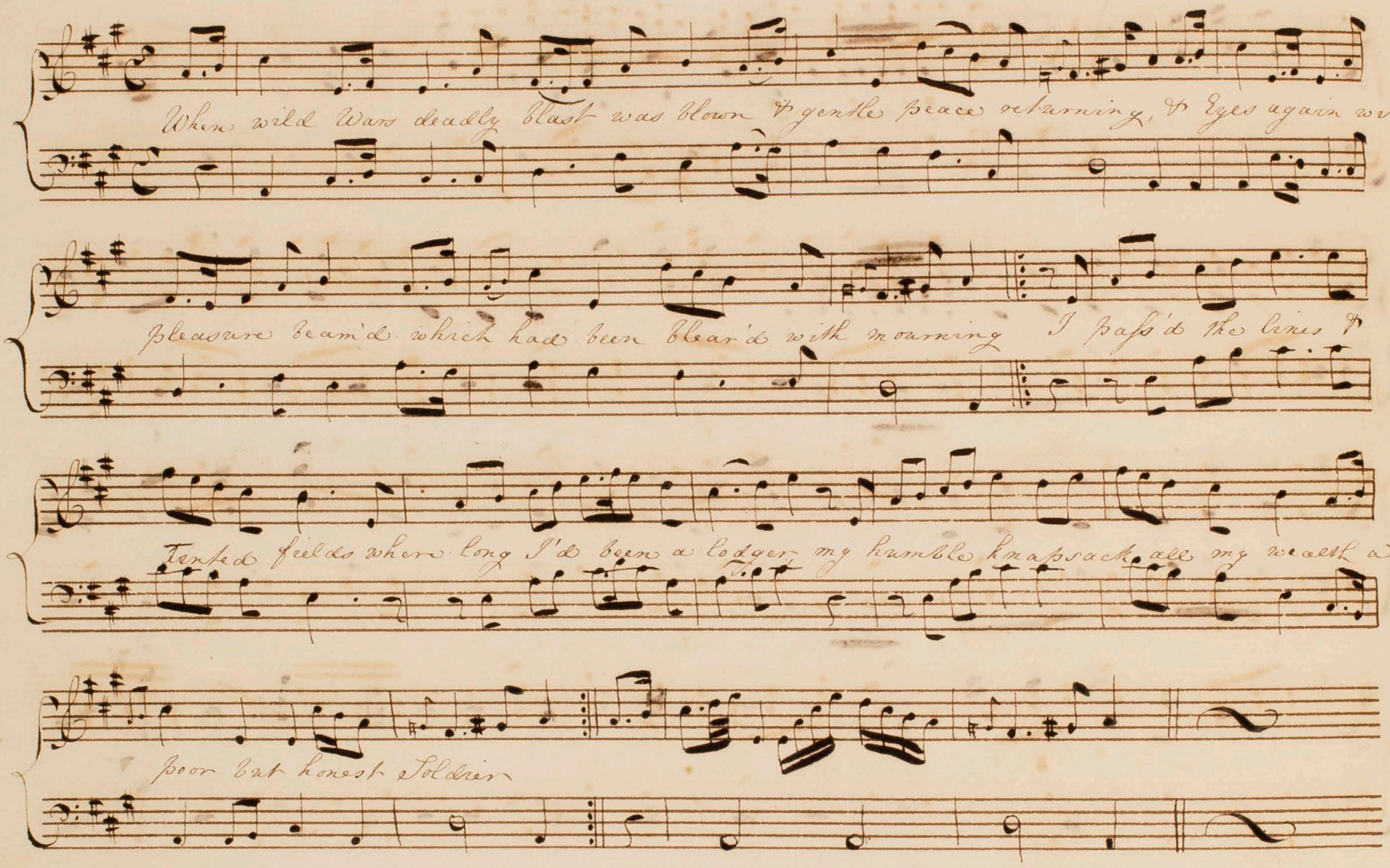
Come hope thou little cheating Sprite, & let us set the quarrel right, come hope thou little cheating Sprite & let us set the quarrel right — come thou to me or I to thee no matter so we both agree. come thou to me or I to thee no matter so we both agree —

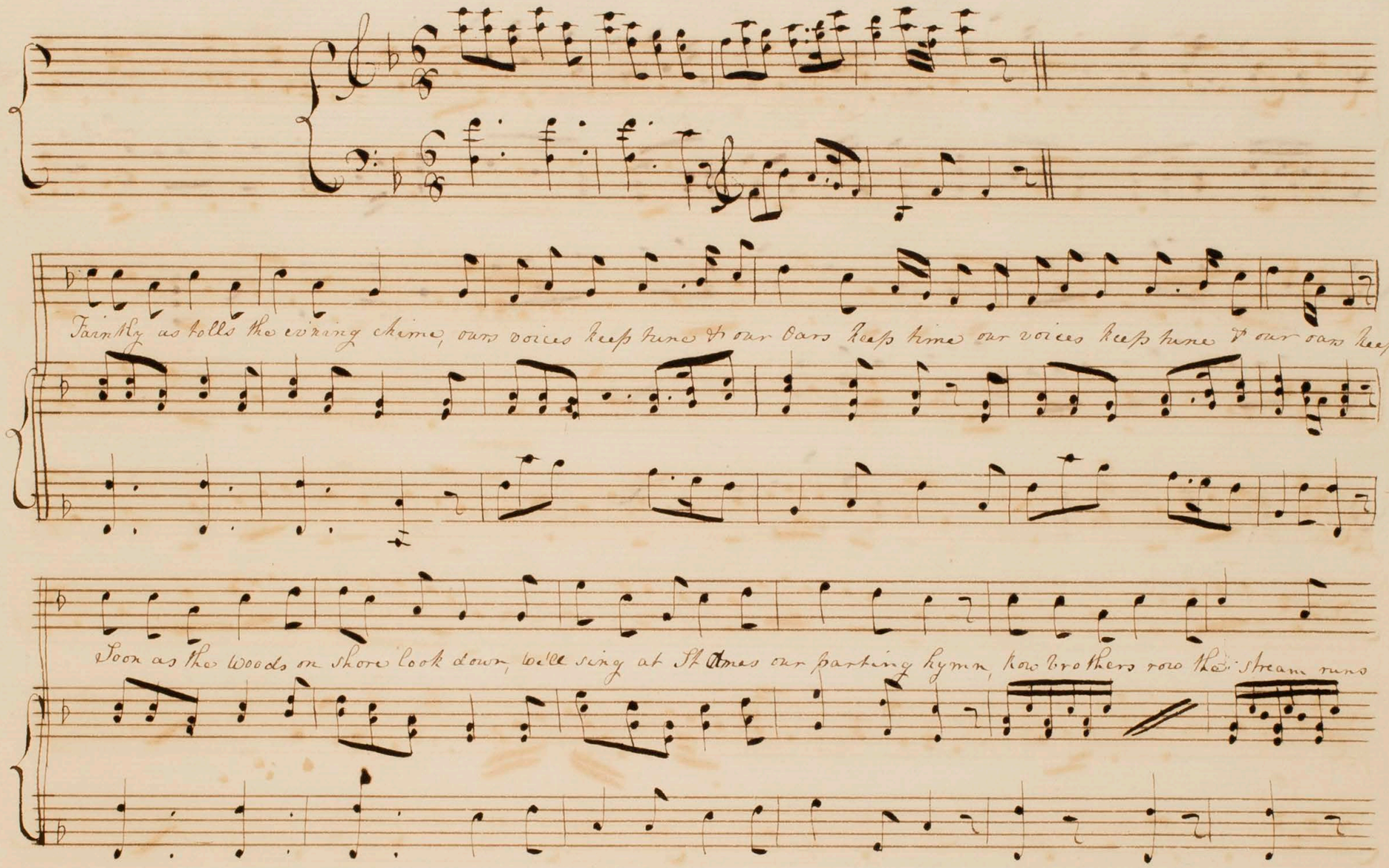


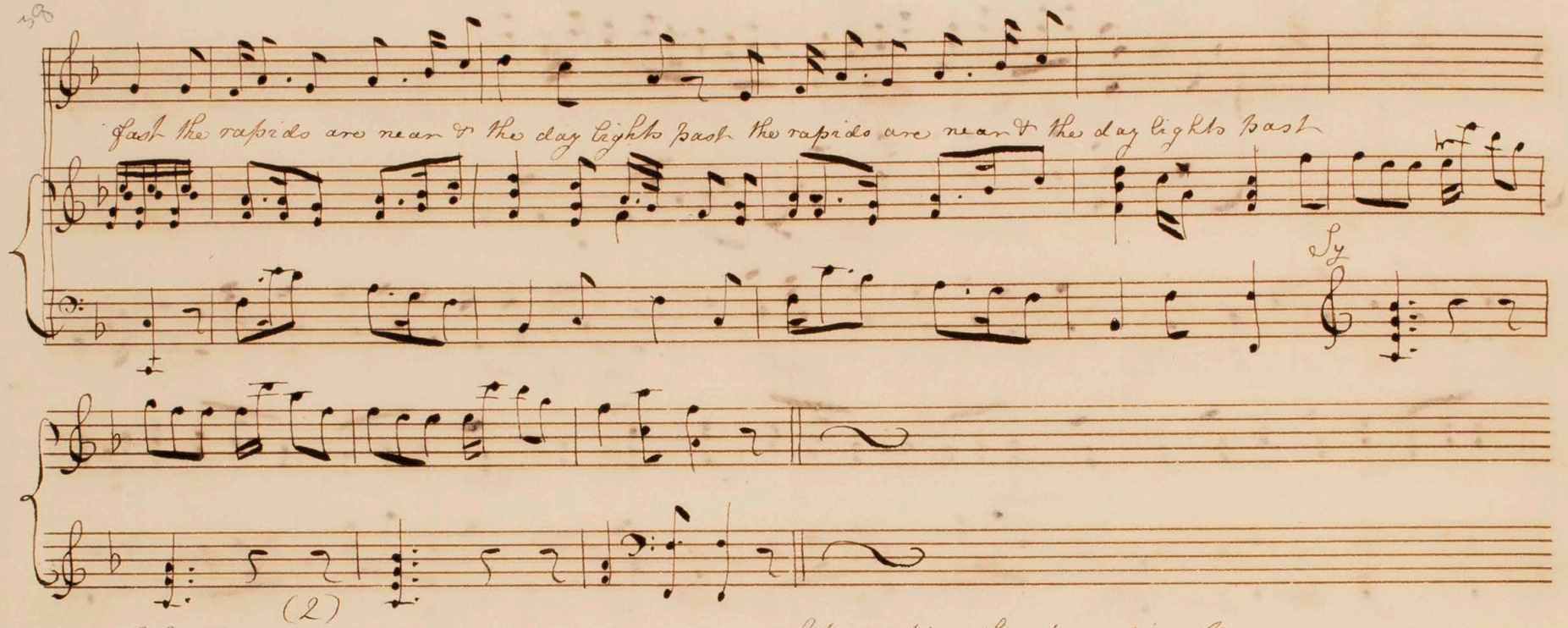

The Twins of Latona so kind to my boon I rose
to partake of the Chase & Sol lends a ray to chaste Diana's fair Moon & a smile to the
smiles of her face but the sports I delight in the bright Queen of Love with Myrtles
my brow shall adorn - whilst Pan breaks his chanter & shrieks in the grove - excell'd
by the sound of the Horn by the sound of the Horn


Ex - cell'd by the
sound of the horn the Dogs are uncoupled & sweet is their cry but sweeter the notes of sweet
echo's reply sweet e-cho sweet echo hark forward hark forward the Game is in
view but Love is the game that I wish to pursue but Love is the game that I wish to pursue
The Stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out his


sentence he hears in the Gale yet this tree entangl'd in fear & in doubt his
courage & constancy fail surrounded by foes he prepares for the fray, des-
-pair taking place of his fear with antlers erected awhile stands at bay then sur-
-renders his life with a Tear


When wild Wars deadly blast was blown & gentle peace returning, & Eyes again with
pleasure beam'd which had been blear'd with mourning I pass'd the lines &
Tented fields where long I'd been a lodger my humble knapsack all my wealth a
poor but honest Soldier

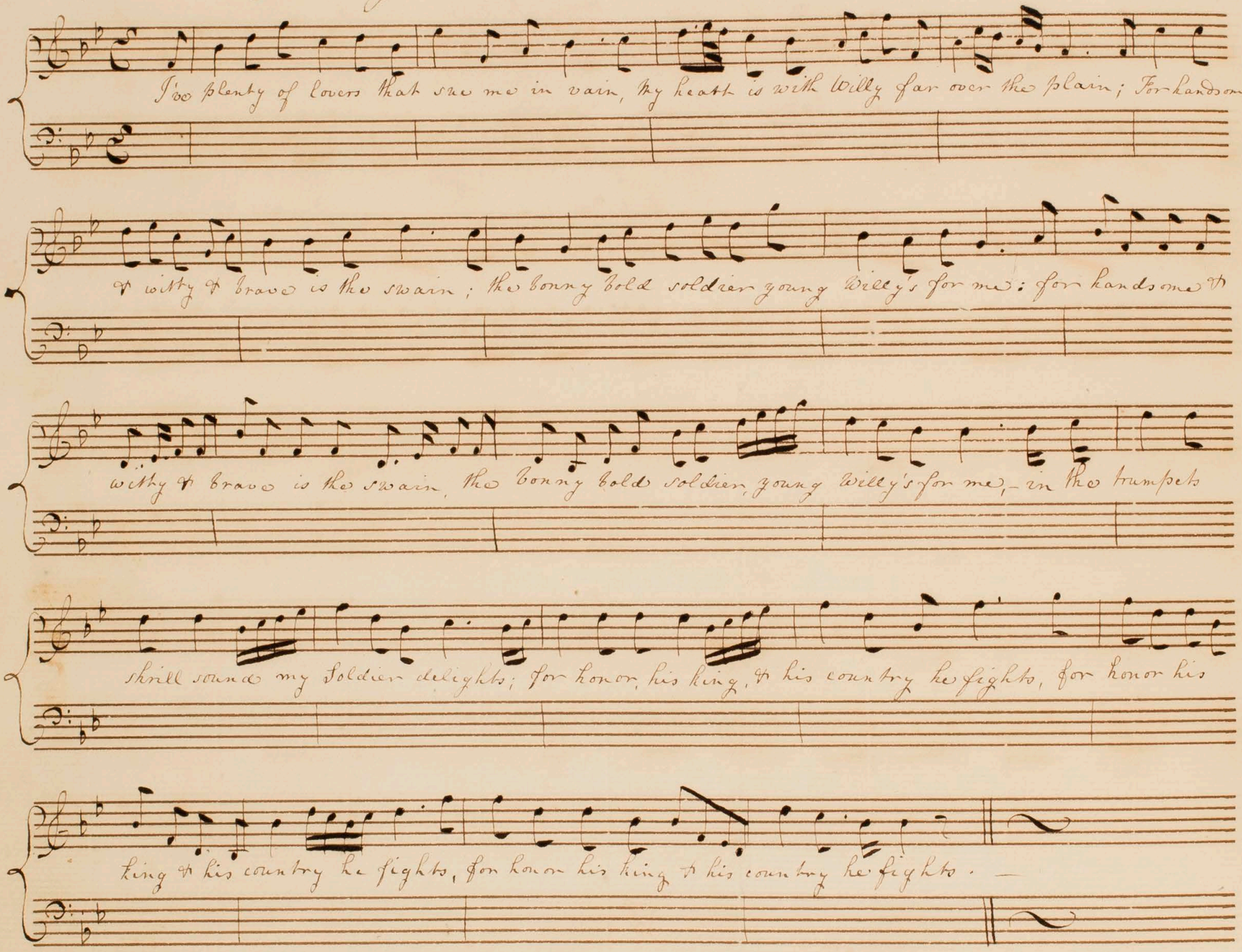

Faintly as tolls the evening chime, our voices keep time & our oars keep time our voices keep time & our oars keep time
Soon as the Woods on shore look down, We'll sing at St Ames our parting hymn, How brothers row the stream runs



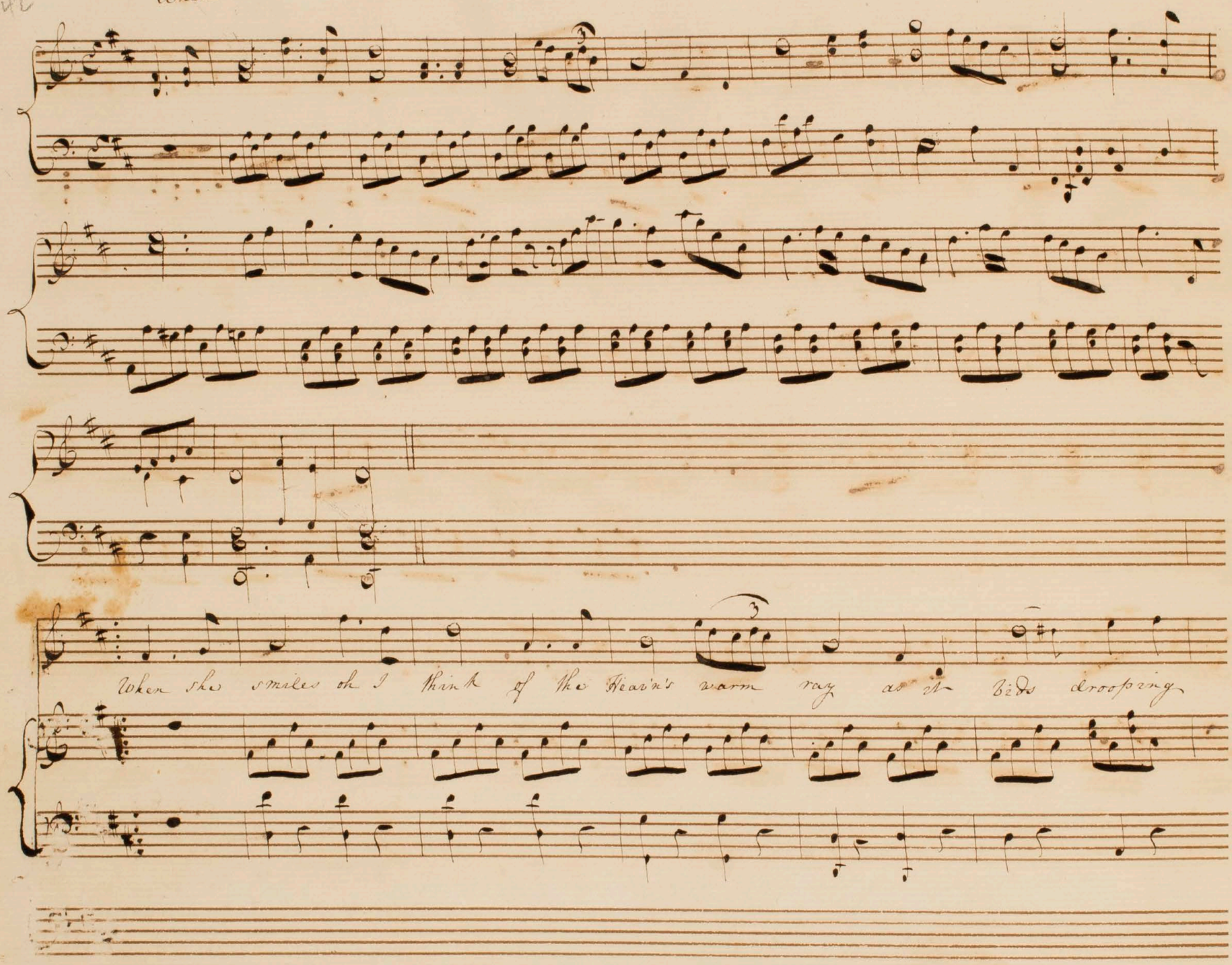
Why should we our sails unfurl
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl
When the winds blow off the shore
Oh sweetly we'll rest our weary oar
Blow breezes blow the stream runs fast
The rapids are near & the stream runs fast

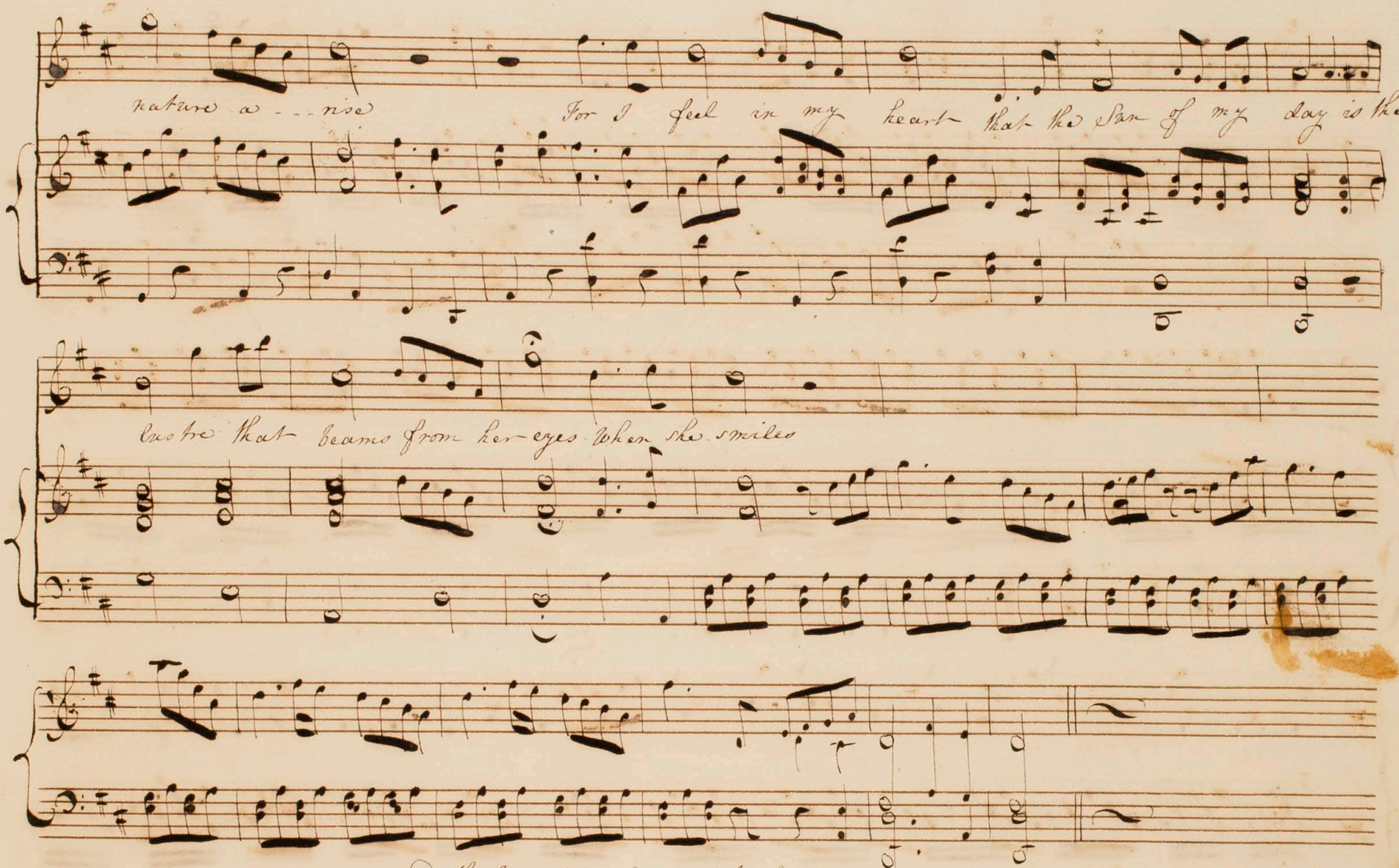
Utawa tide this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon
Saint of this green Isle hear our prayer
Grant us calm heaven & fav'ring air
Blow breezes blow &c. &c.

The bonny bold Soldier. —



When she smiles –

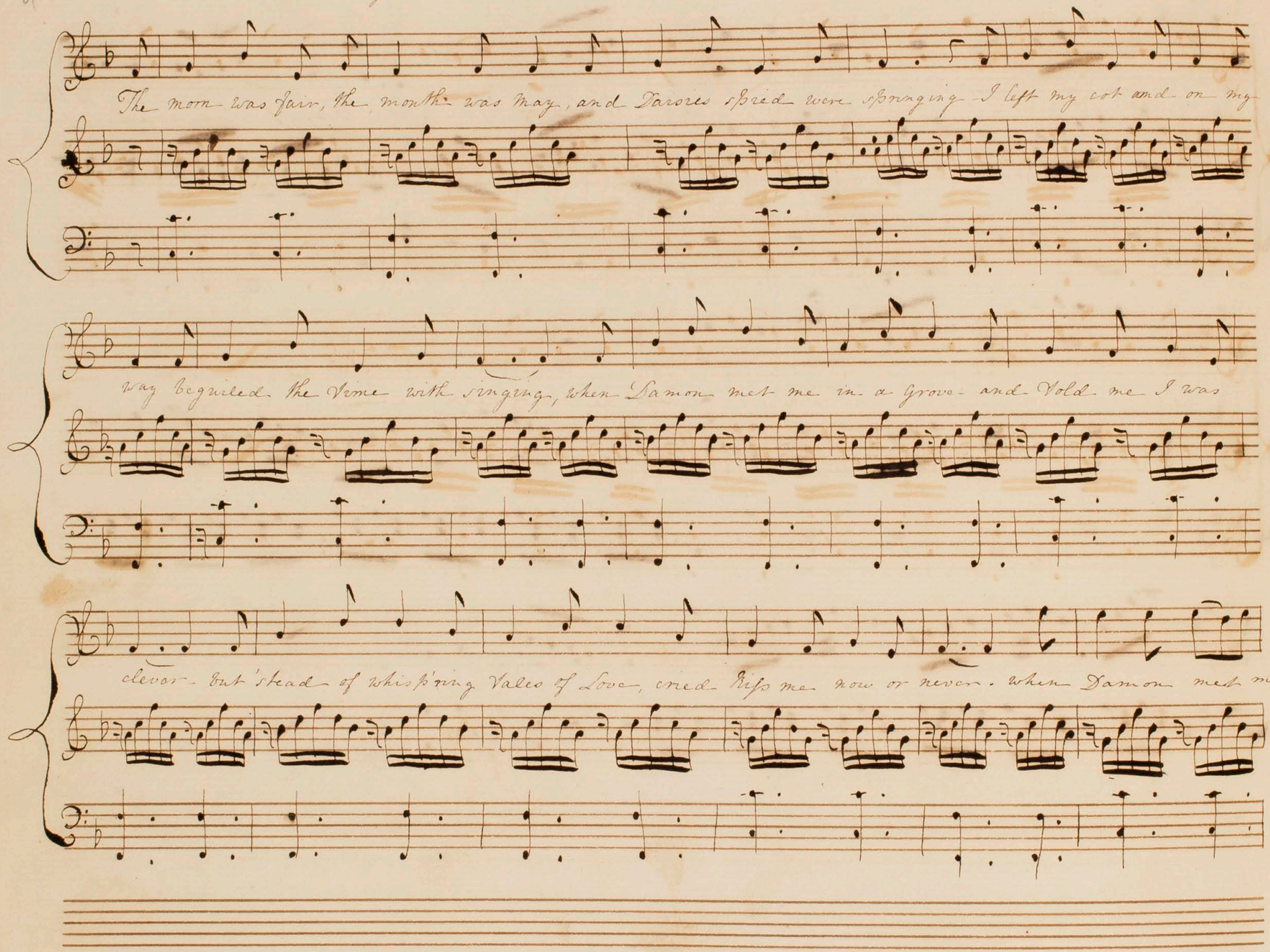


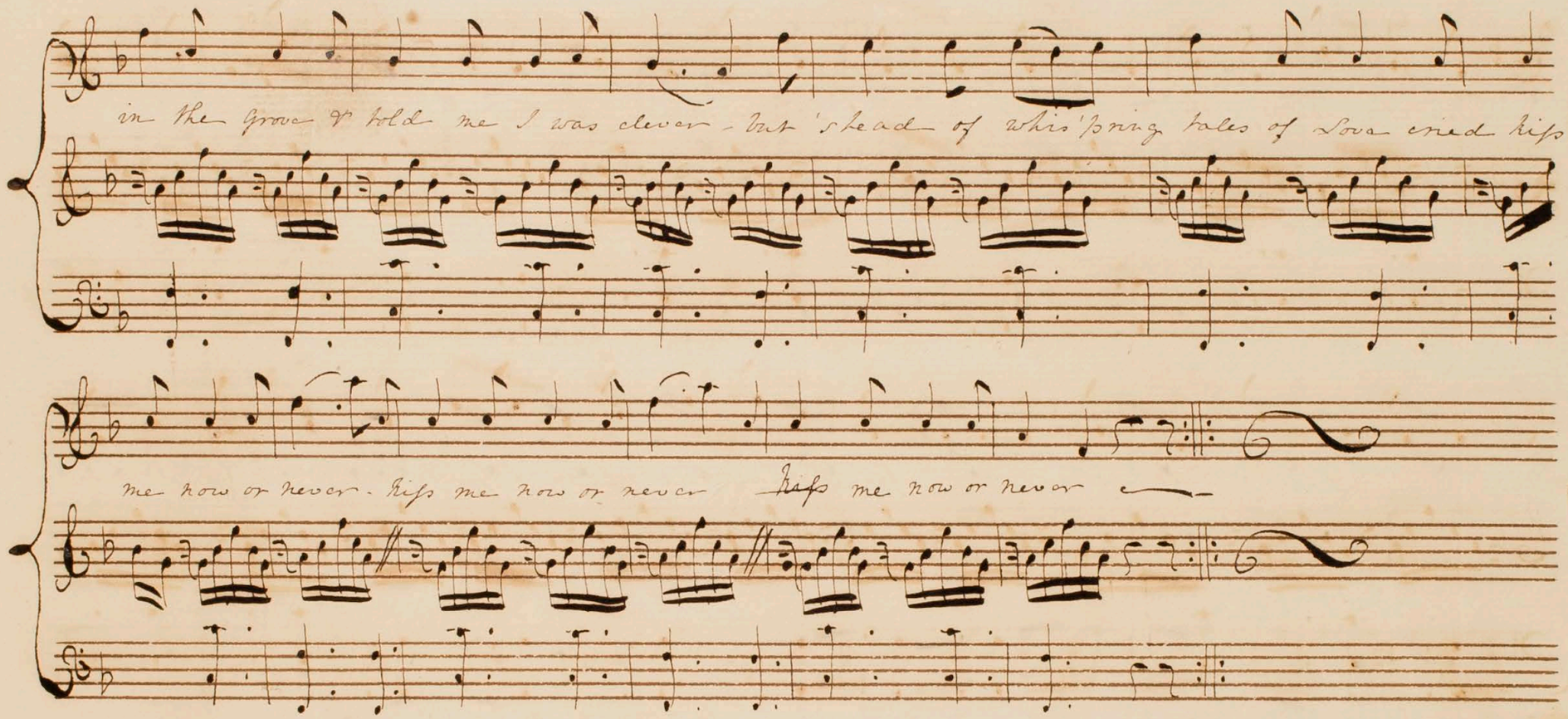


If the frown of caprice cloud the brow of my love,
When implor'd my warm wishes to crown;
I may swear from the fickle inconstant to rove,
But alas I ne'er think of that frown.
When she smiles! —

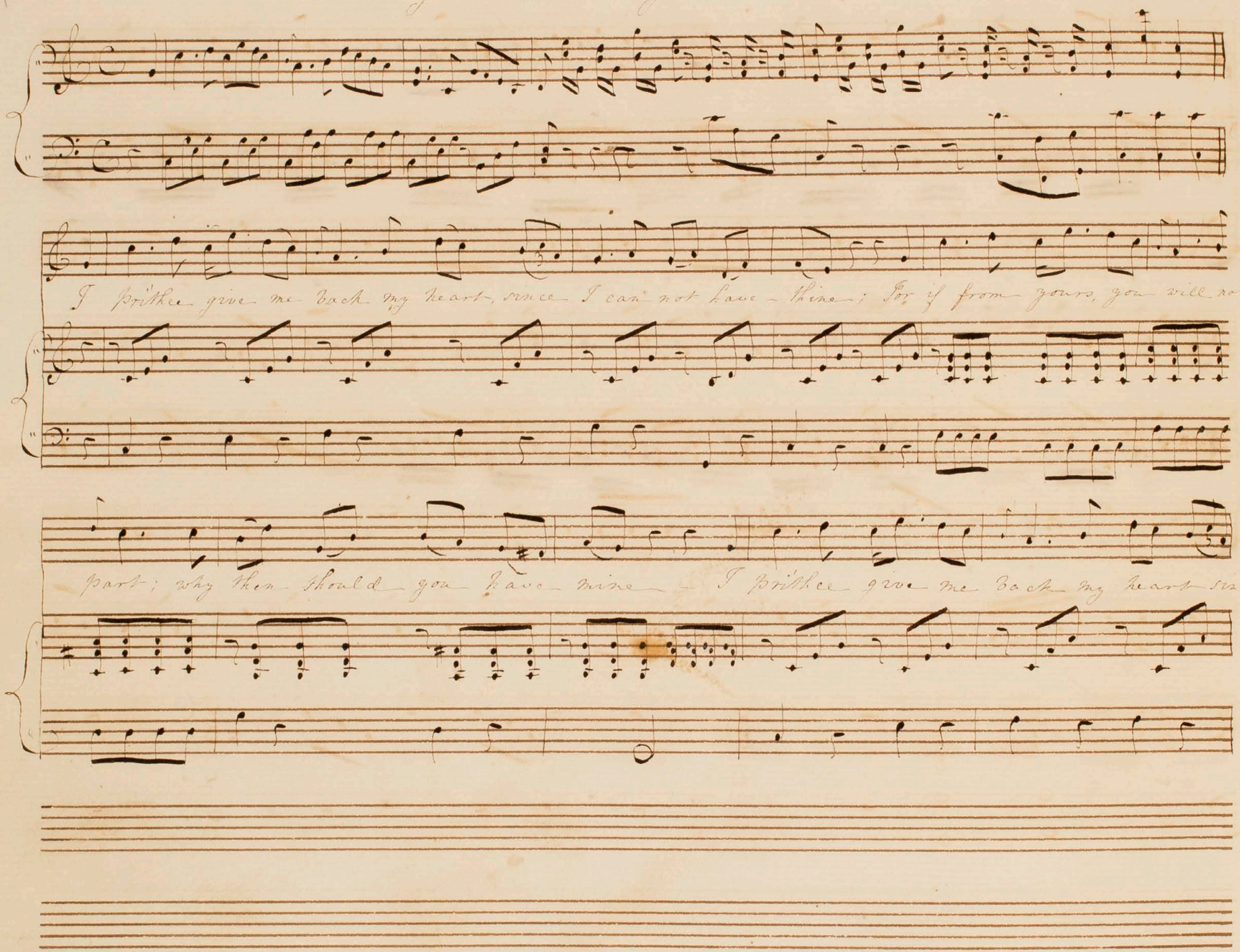
Is the loud tempest hush'd when the Sun gilds the main,
Its bright bosom how gently it heaves;
So the storm in my breast — Oh the eye of my Jane,
But the high swell of extacy leaves
When she smiles! —

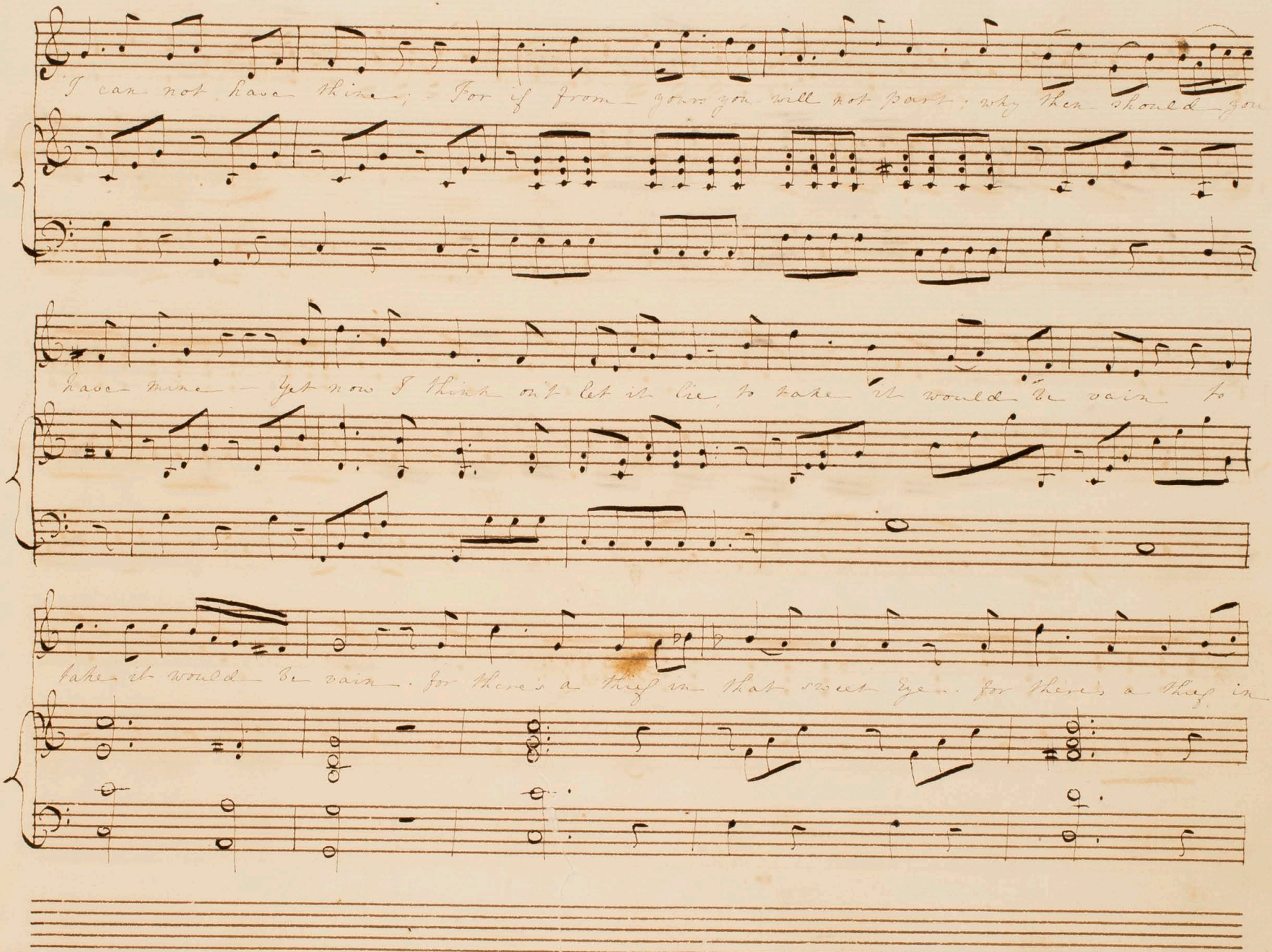
Kiss me now or never

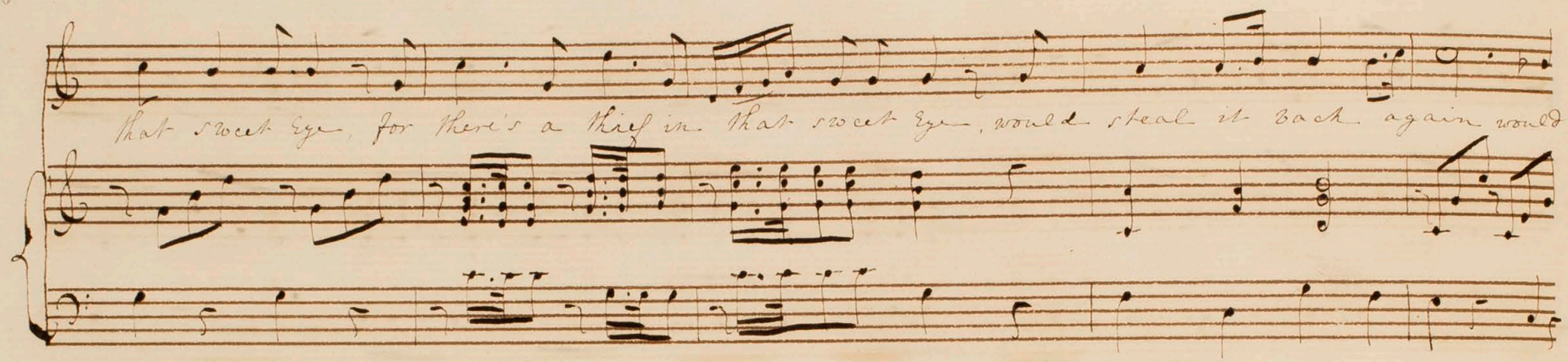


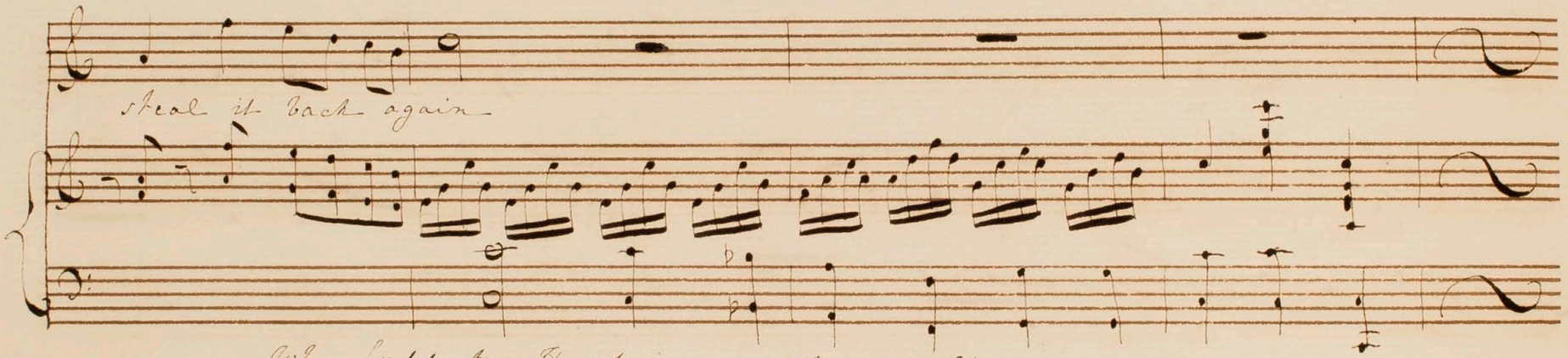

in the grove & told me I was clever - but 'stead of whis'pring tales of love cried kiss
me now or never - kiss me now or never kiss me now or never

I Prithee give me back my heart —



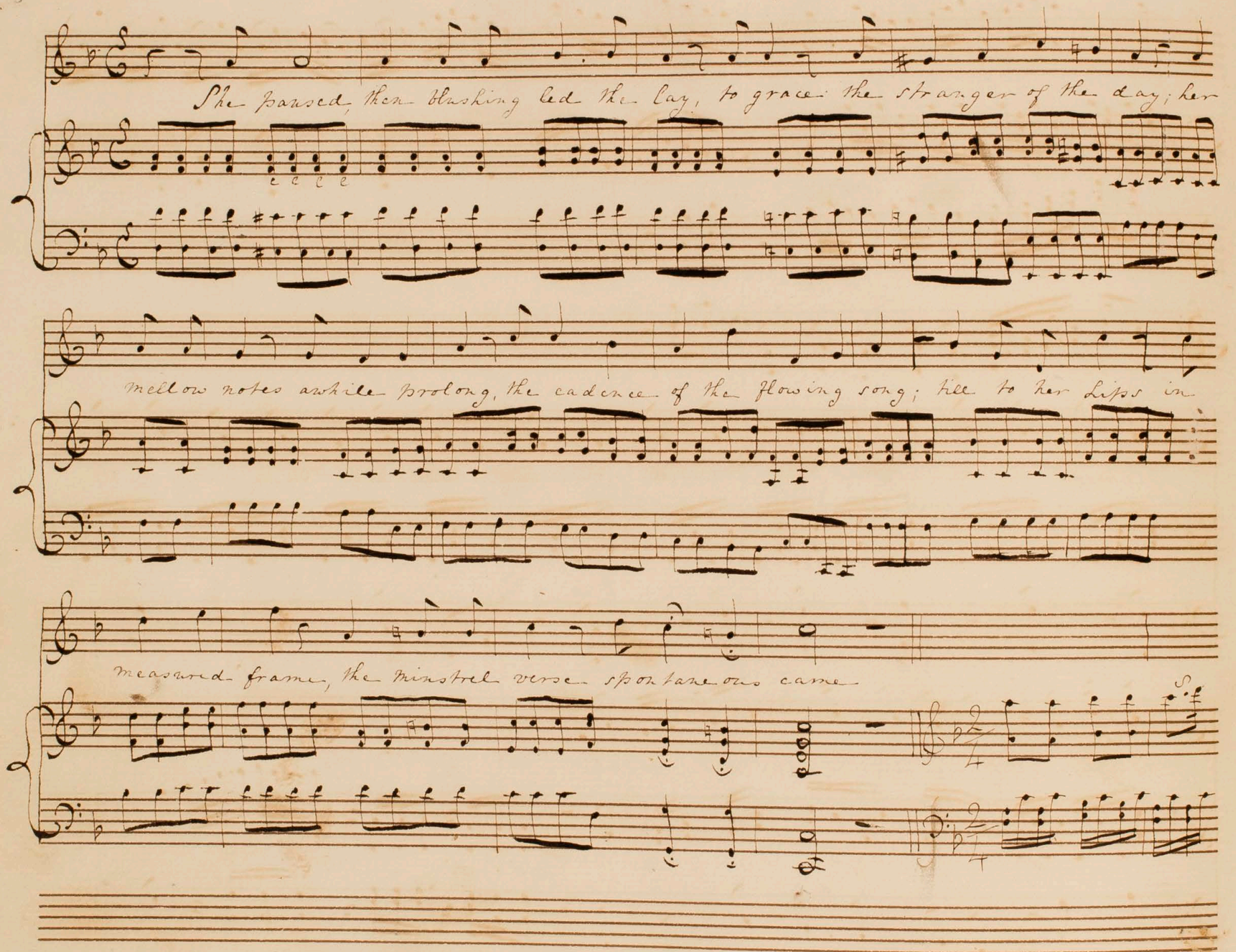

I can not have thine; For if from yours you will not part; why then should you
have mine Yet now I think on't let it lie, to take it would be vain to
take it would be vain. For there's a thief in that sweet Eye. For there's a thief in

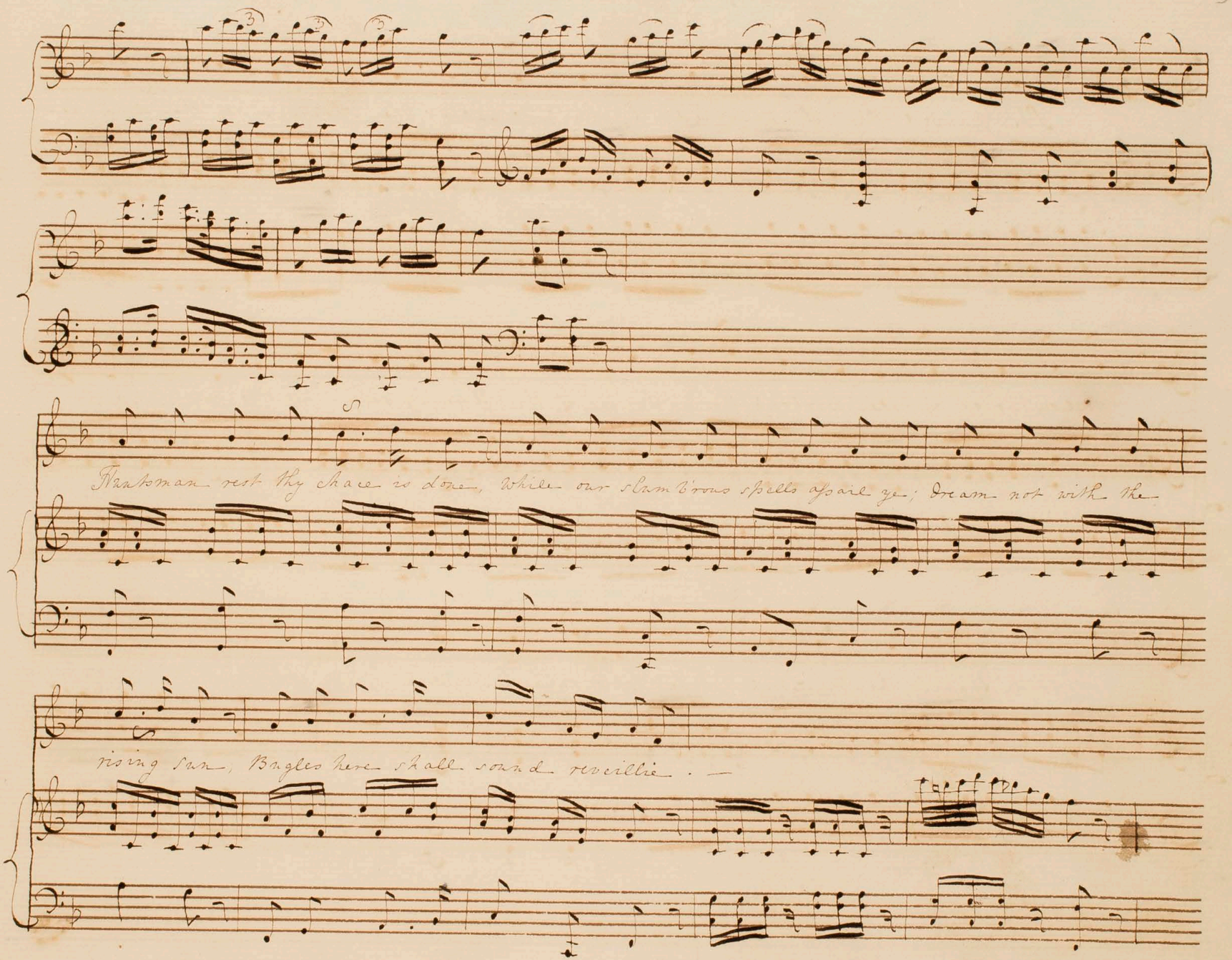


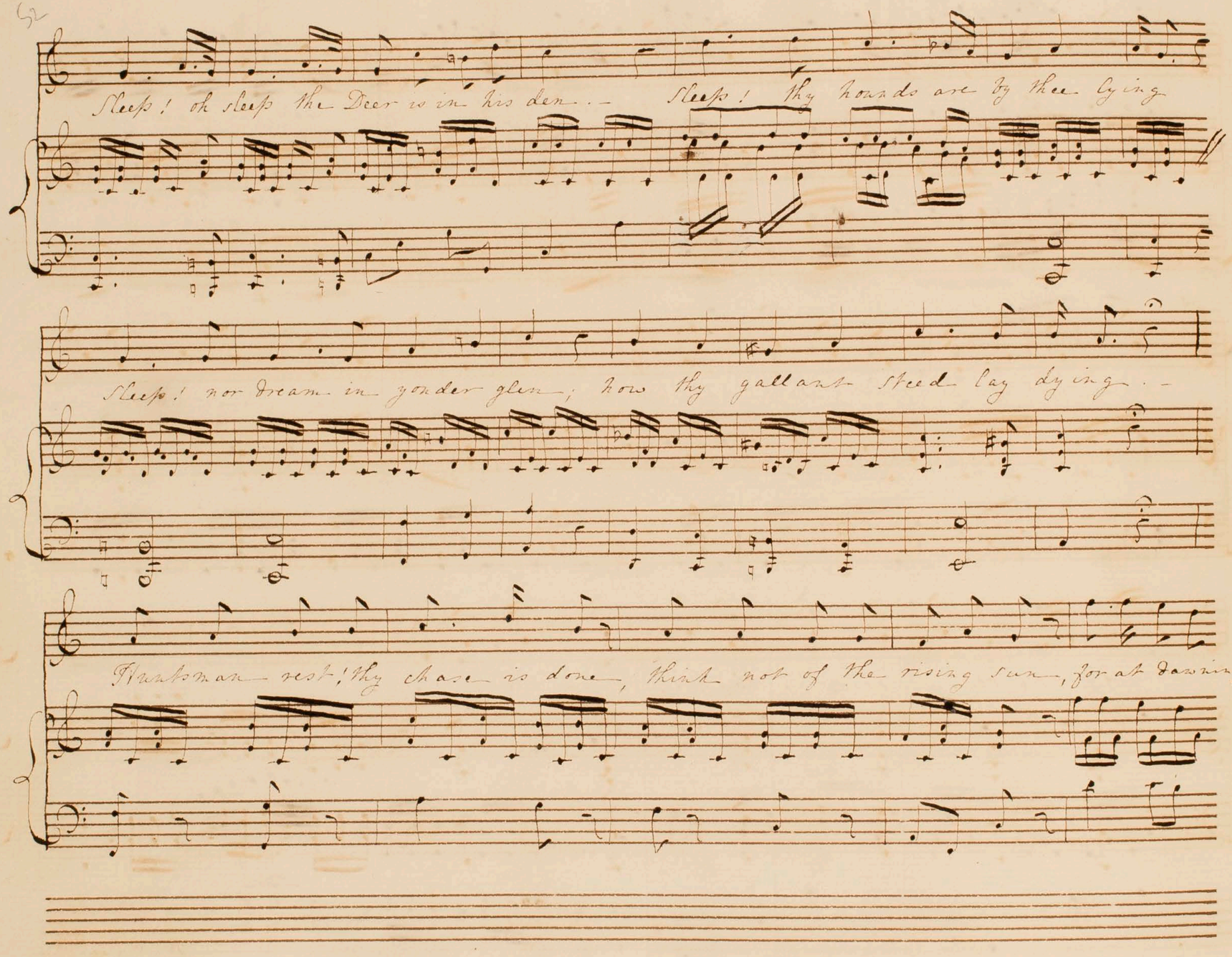


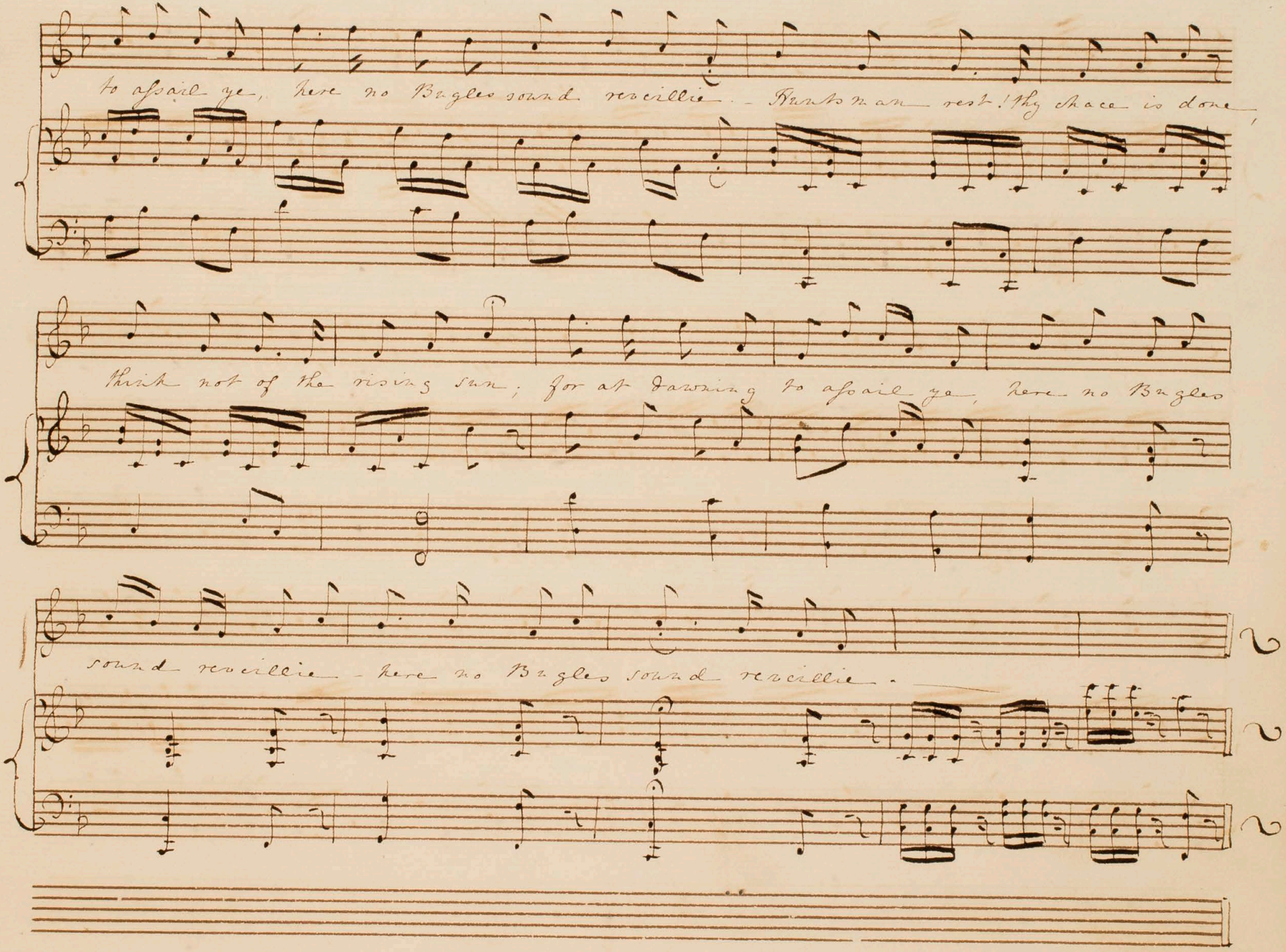
Why should two Hearts in one Breast lie,
And yet be not united?
Oh! Love assists thy Votary,
Till he be full requited.
Let her Breast feel the pleasing dart,
And Know what 'tis to Love:
With rapture I will heal the smart
And all her pain remove.

Huntsman rest! - from the "Lady of the Lake"

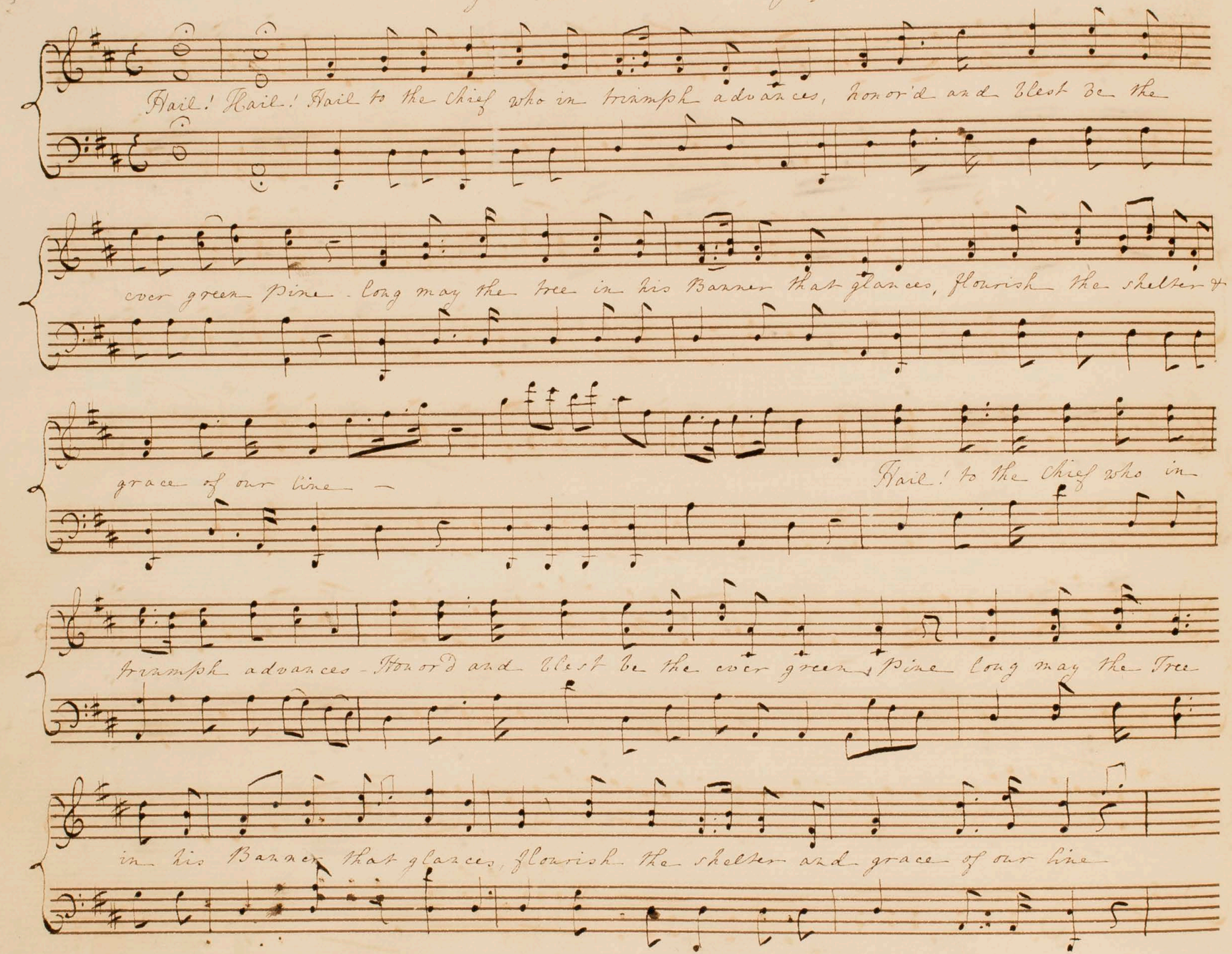


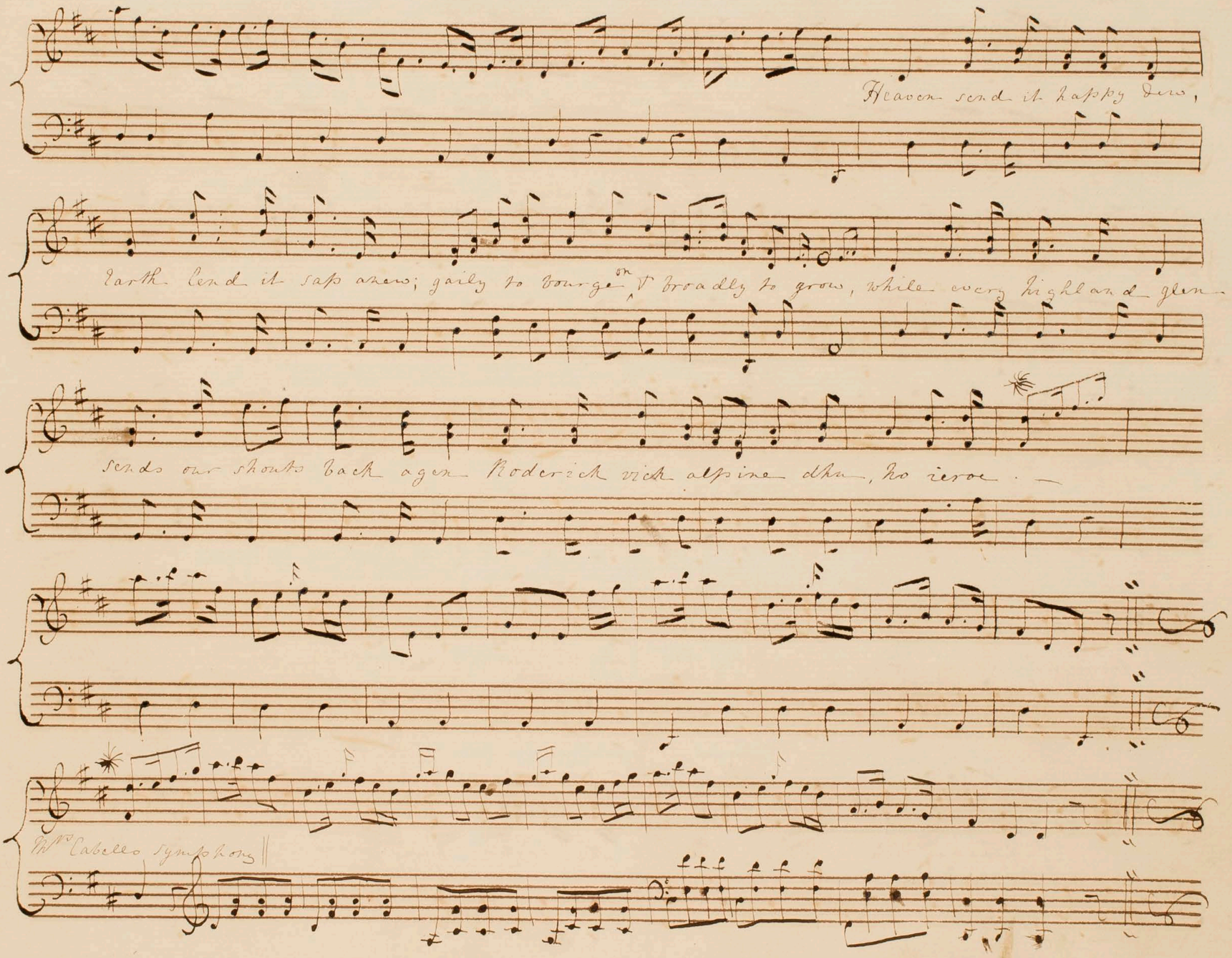

Huntsman rest thy chace is done, While our slumb'rous spells assail ye; dream not with the
rising sun, Bugles here shall sound reveillie. —


Sleeps! oh sleep the Deer is in his den. — Sleeps! Thy hounds are by thee lying
Sleeps! nor dream in yonder glen; how thy gallant steed lay dying. —
Huntsman rest! thy chase is done, think not of the rising sun, for at dawning

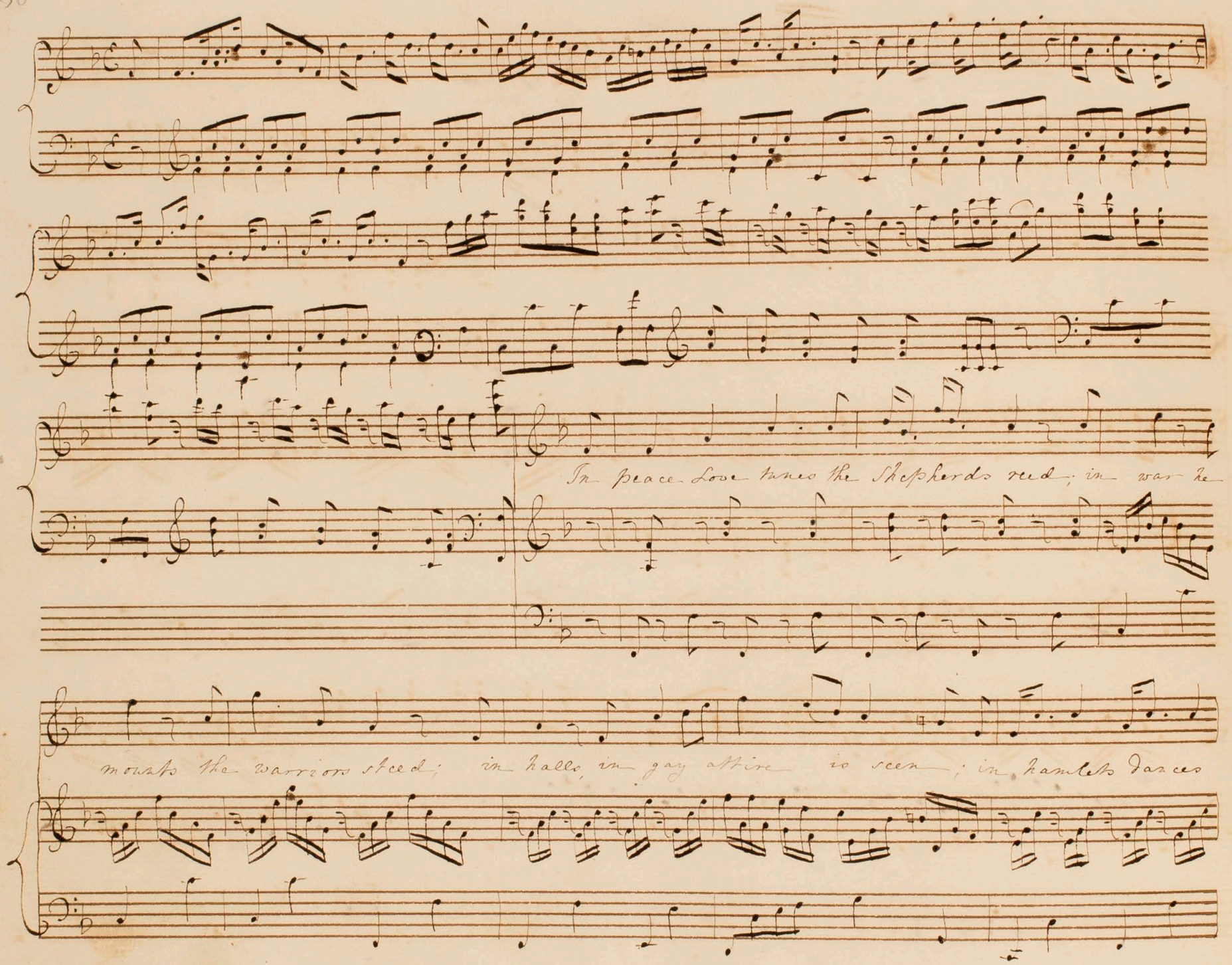

to afsail ye, here no Bugles sound reveille. - Huntsman rest! thy chace is done,
think not of the rising sun; for at dawning to afsail ye, here no Bugles
sound reveille - here no Bugles sound reveille.

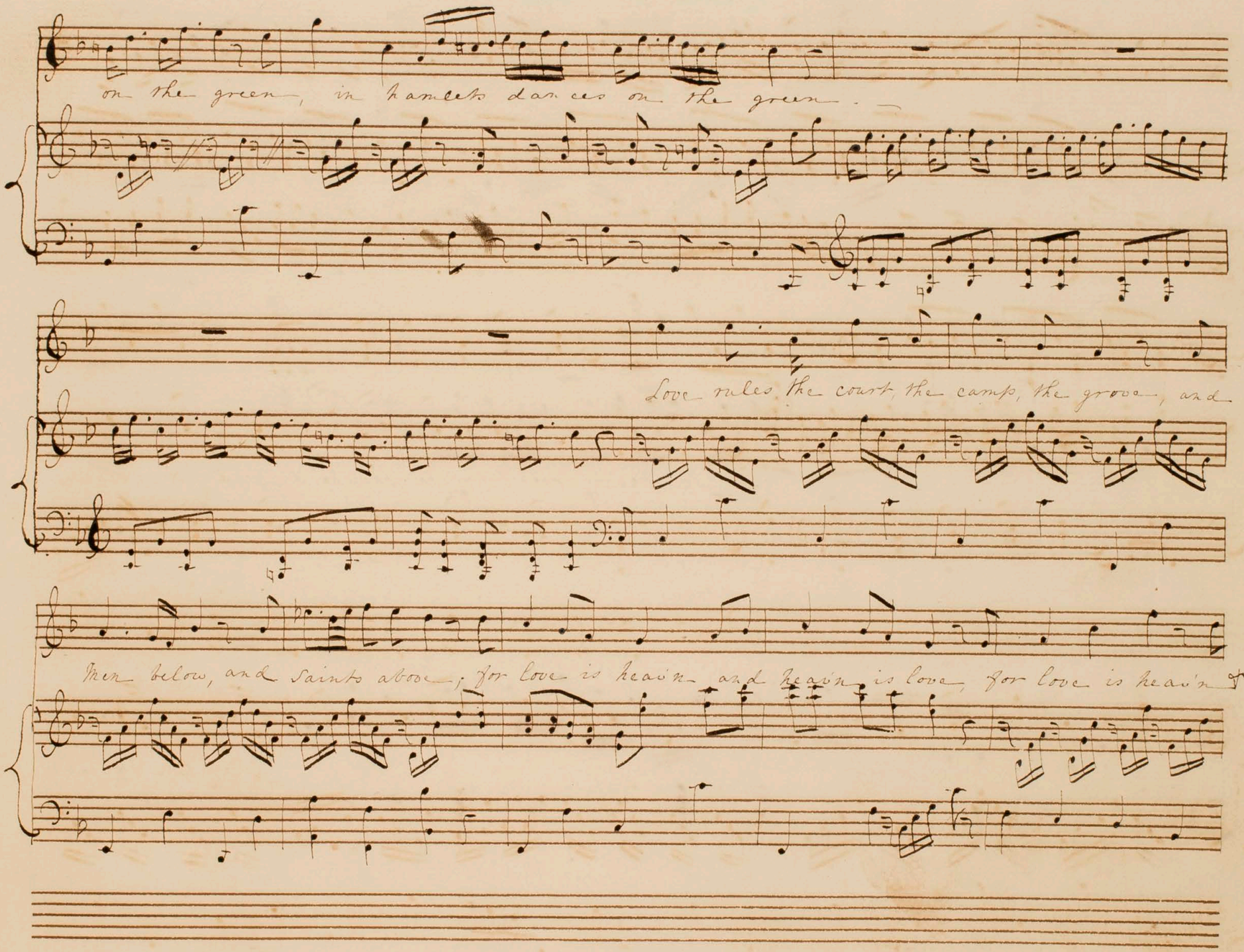
Hail to the Chief! from Scotts "Lady of the Lake"

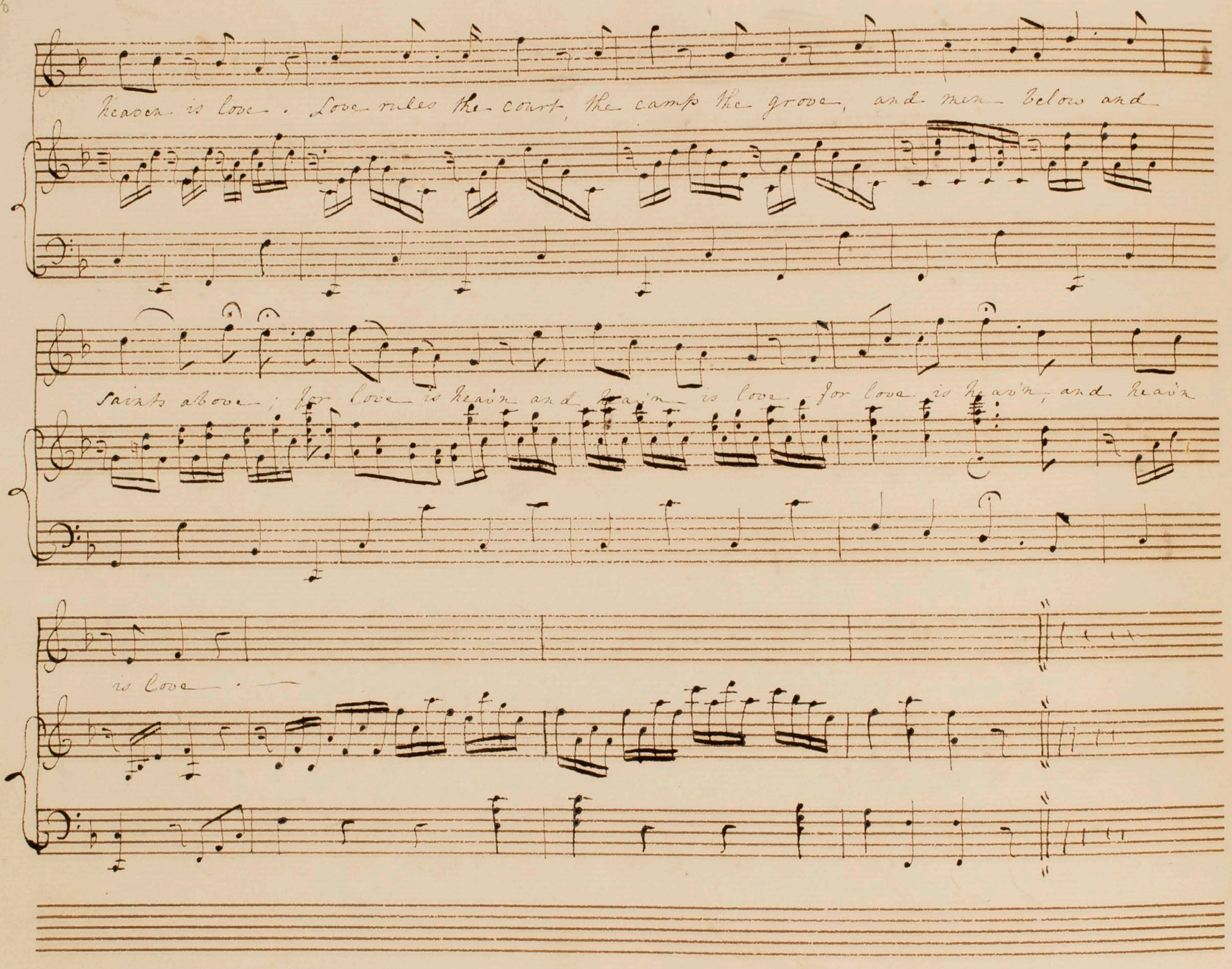



Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew; gaily to bourge on & broadly to grow, while every highland glen
sends our shouts back agen Roderick vick alpine dhu, ho ieroe. —
Mrs Cabello symphony

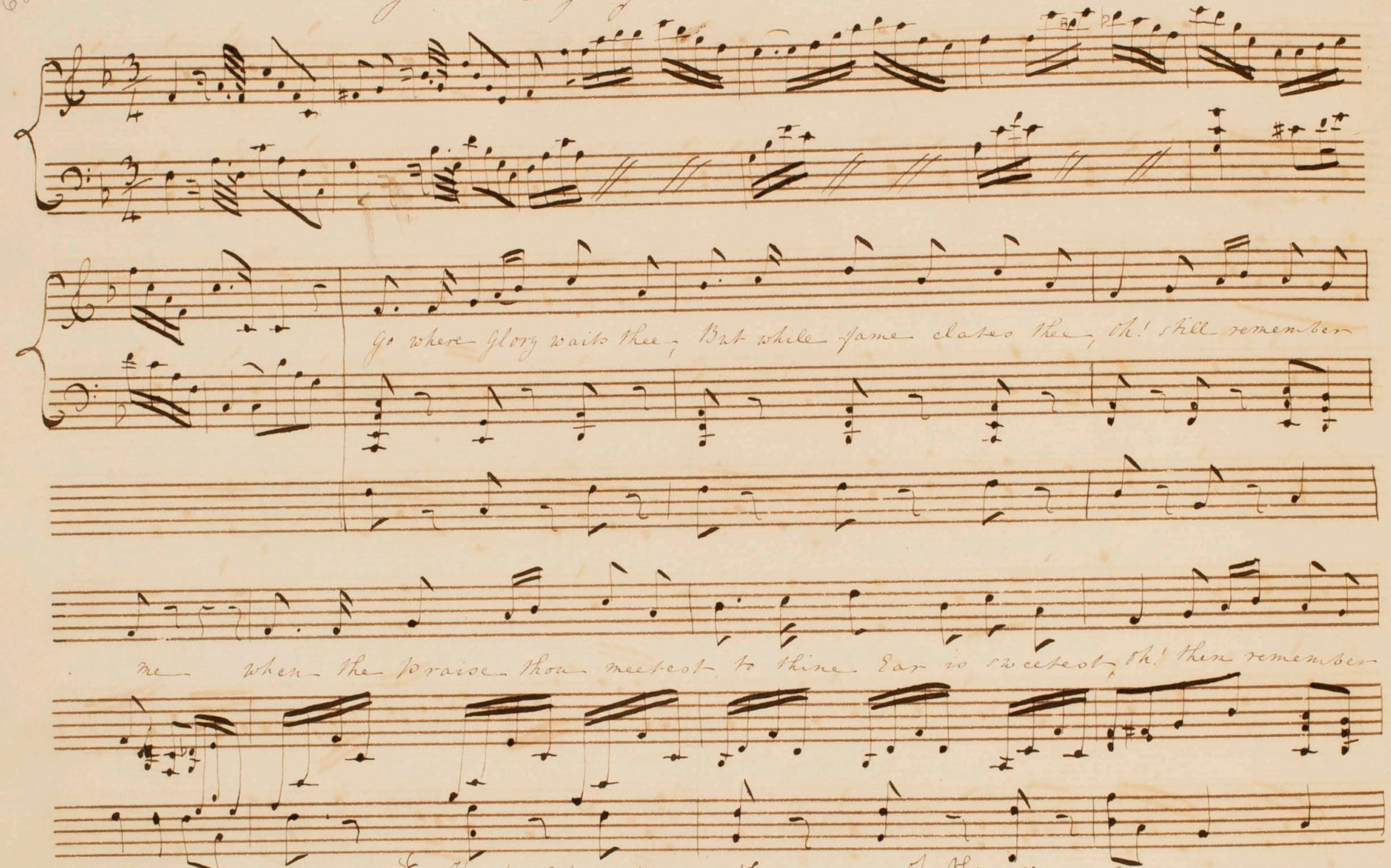
The Minstrel's Harp - from Scotts "Lay of the last Minstrel"




on the green, in hamlets dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, and
men below, and saints above; for love is heav'n and heav'n is love, for love is heav'n


Heaven is love. Love rules the court, the camp the grove, and men below and
saints above; for love is heav'n and heav'n is love. For love is heav'n, and heav'n
is love.

Go where glory waits thee

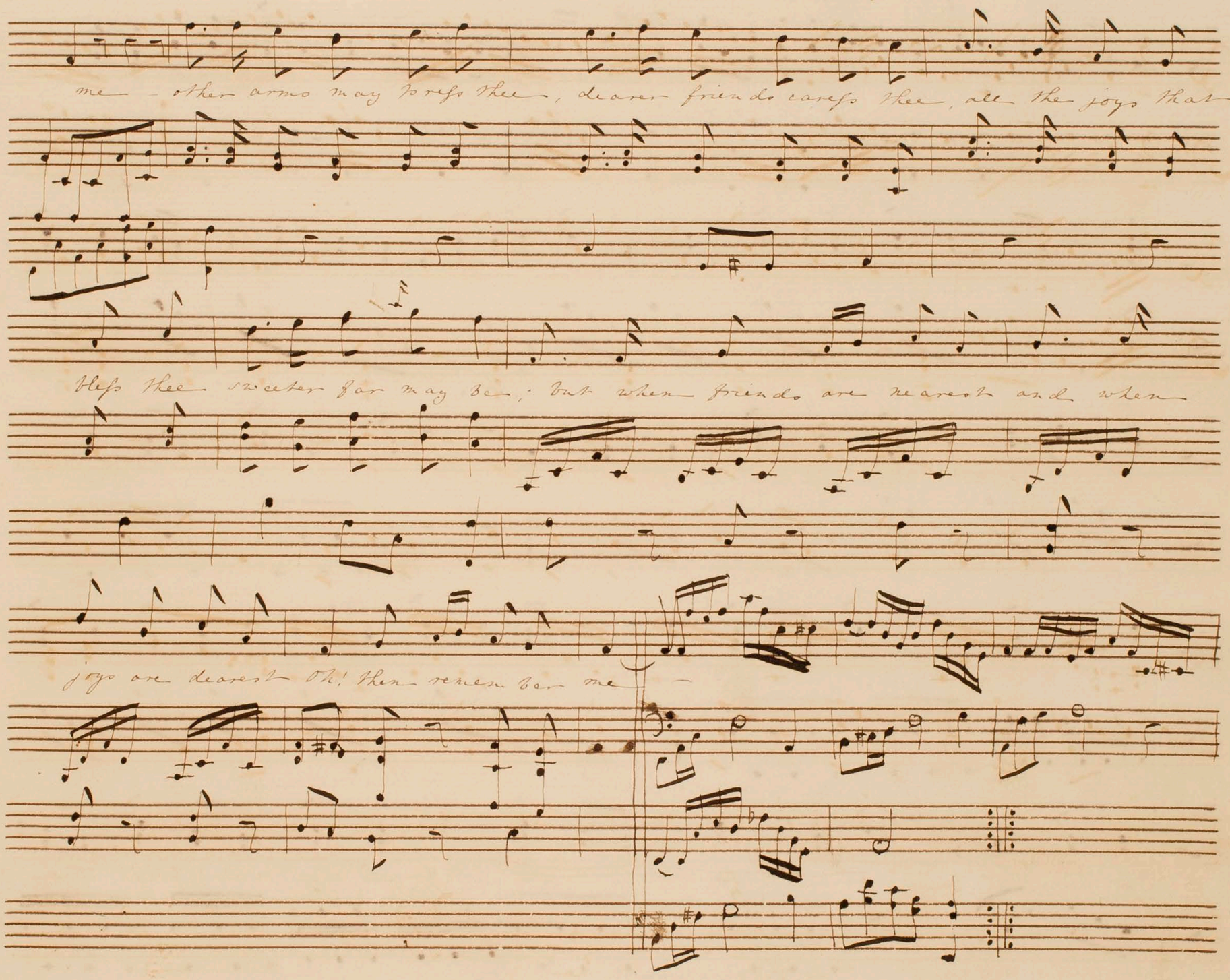

Go where Glory waits thee, But while fame elates thee, Oh! still remember
me when the praise thou meetest to thine Ear is sweetest, Oh! then remember

When at Eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest
Oh then remember me
Think when home returning
Bright we've seen it burning
Oh then remember me
Oft as summer closes
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering Roses
Once so loved by thee

Think of her who wove them
Her who made thee love them
Oh then remember me

3d

When around thee dying
Autumn leaves are lying
Oh then remember me
And at night while gazing
On the gay hearth blazing
Oh then remember me
Then should music stealing
All the soul of feeling
To thy heart appealing
Draw one tear from thee
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee
Oh then remember me


me — other arms may fold thee, dearer friends caress thee, all the joys that
bless thee sweeter far may be; but when friends are nearest and when
joys are dearest Oh! then remember me —

Blue Eyed Mary

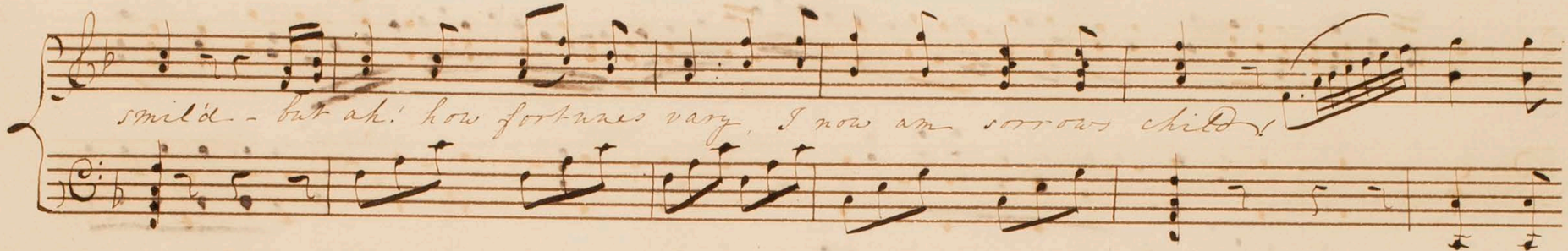
Andante

Come tell me blue eyed stranger, say whither dost thou roam, oer this wide

world a ranger hast thou no friends, no home? They call'd me blue eyed

Mary when friends & fortune smil'd; but ah! how fortunes vary, I now am

sorrows child. They call'd me blue eyed Mary when friends and fortune



2.

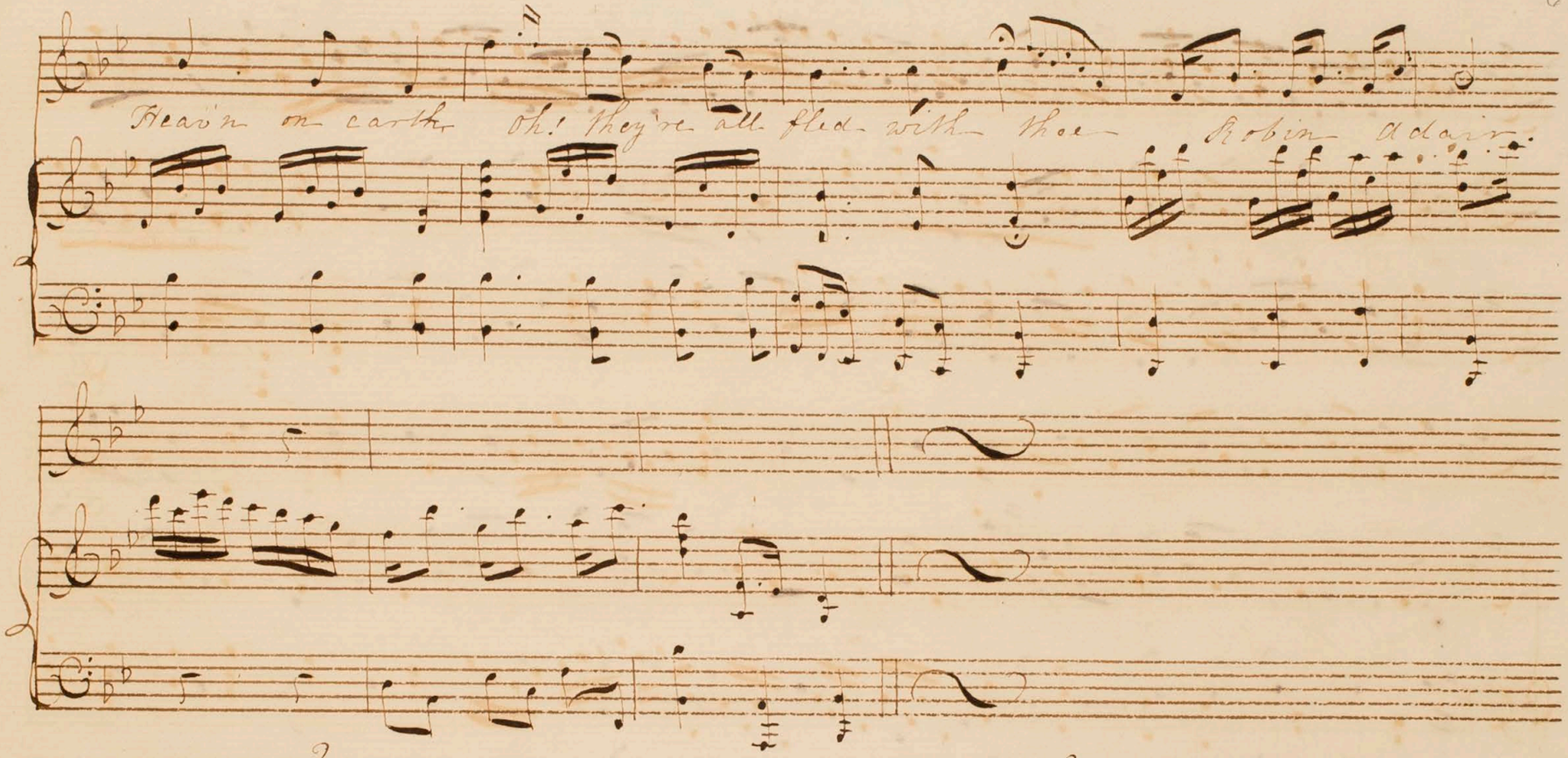
Come here I'll buy thy flowers,
And ease thy halfs left lot;
Still wet with waning Showers,
I'll buy forget me not;
Kind Sir then take these Posies,
They're fading like my youth;
But never like these roses,
Shall wither Mary's truth.

Robin Adair

Andante Affettuoso

What's this dull Town to me Robins not near What was't I wish'd to see

what wish'd to hear. Where's all the joy and mirth, made this Town a

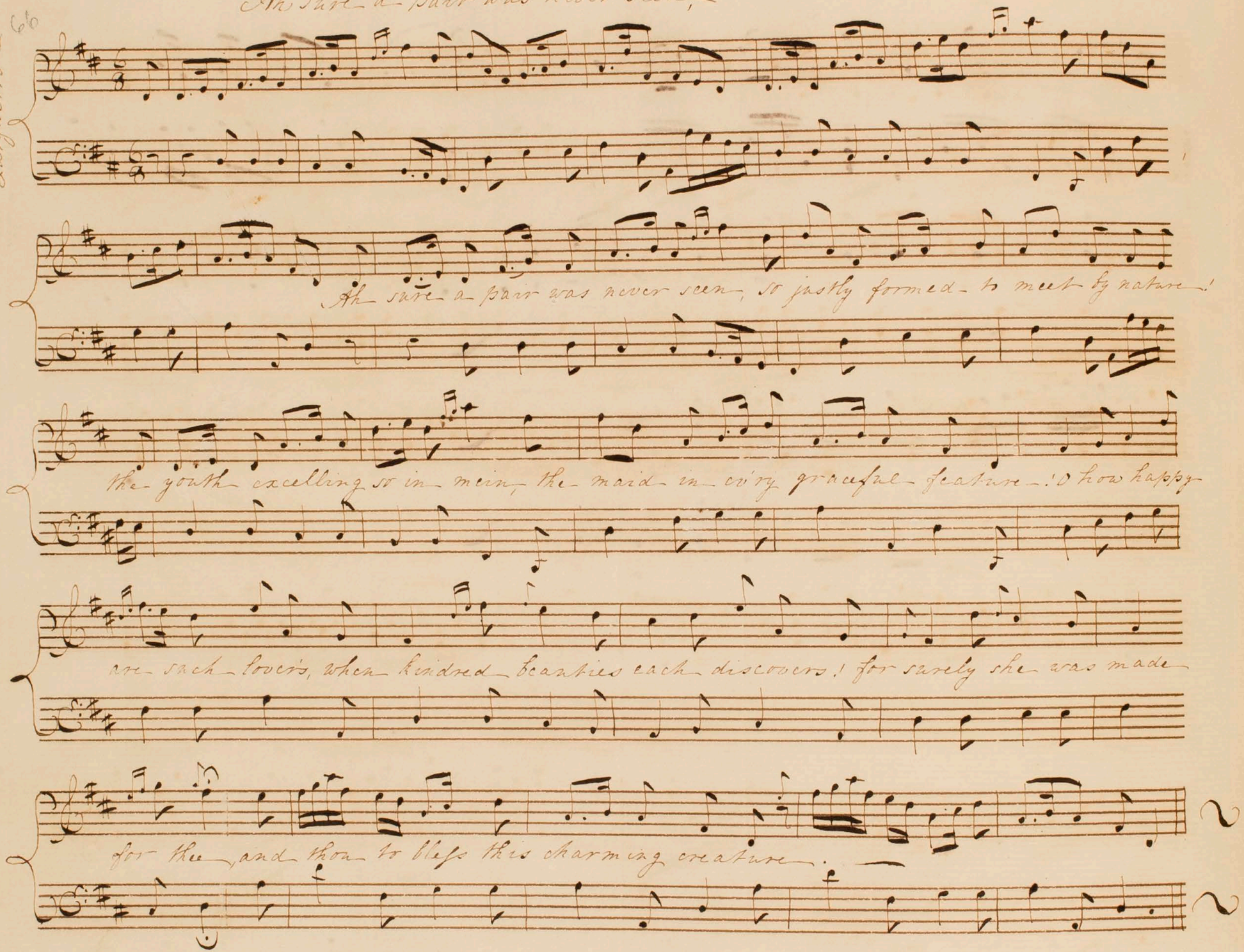


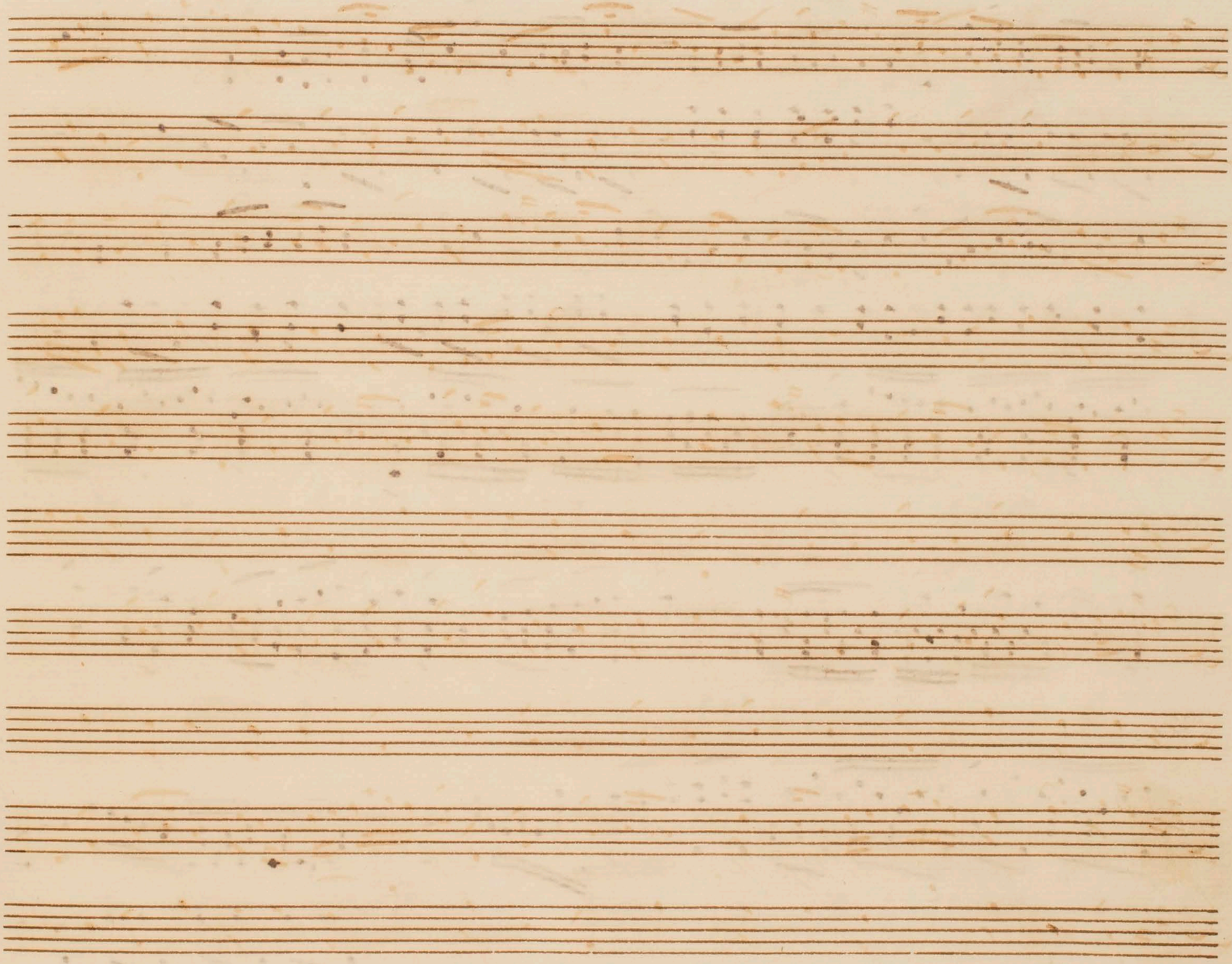
2

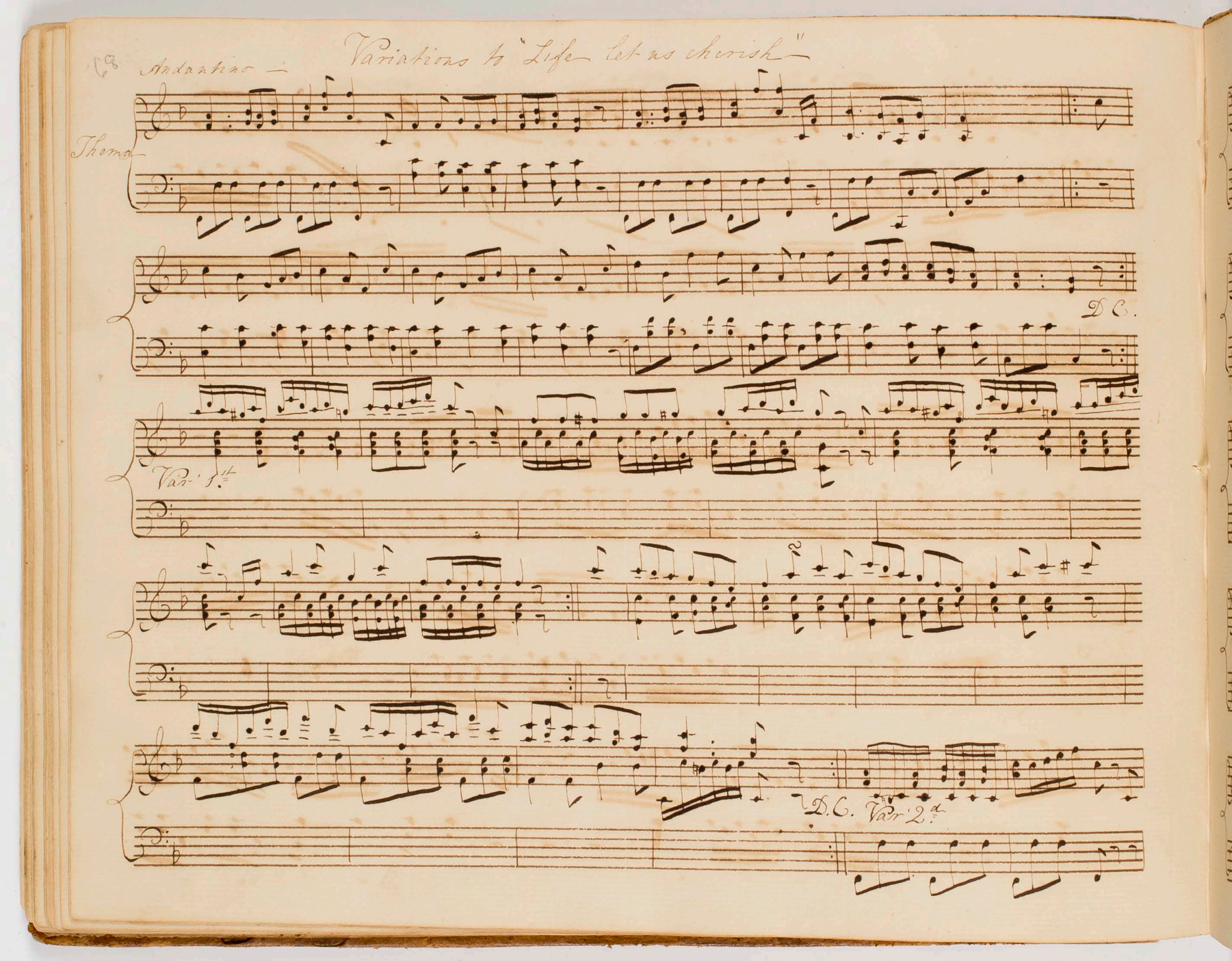
What made the assembly shine?
Robin adair;
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there;
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with,
Robin Adair!

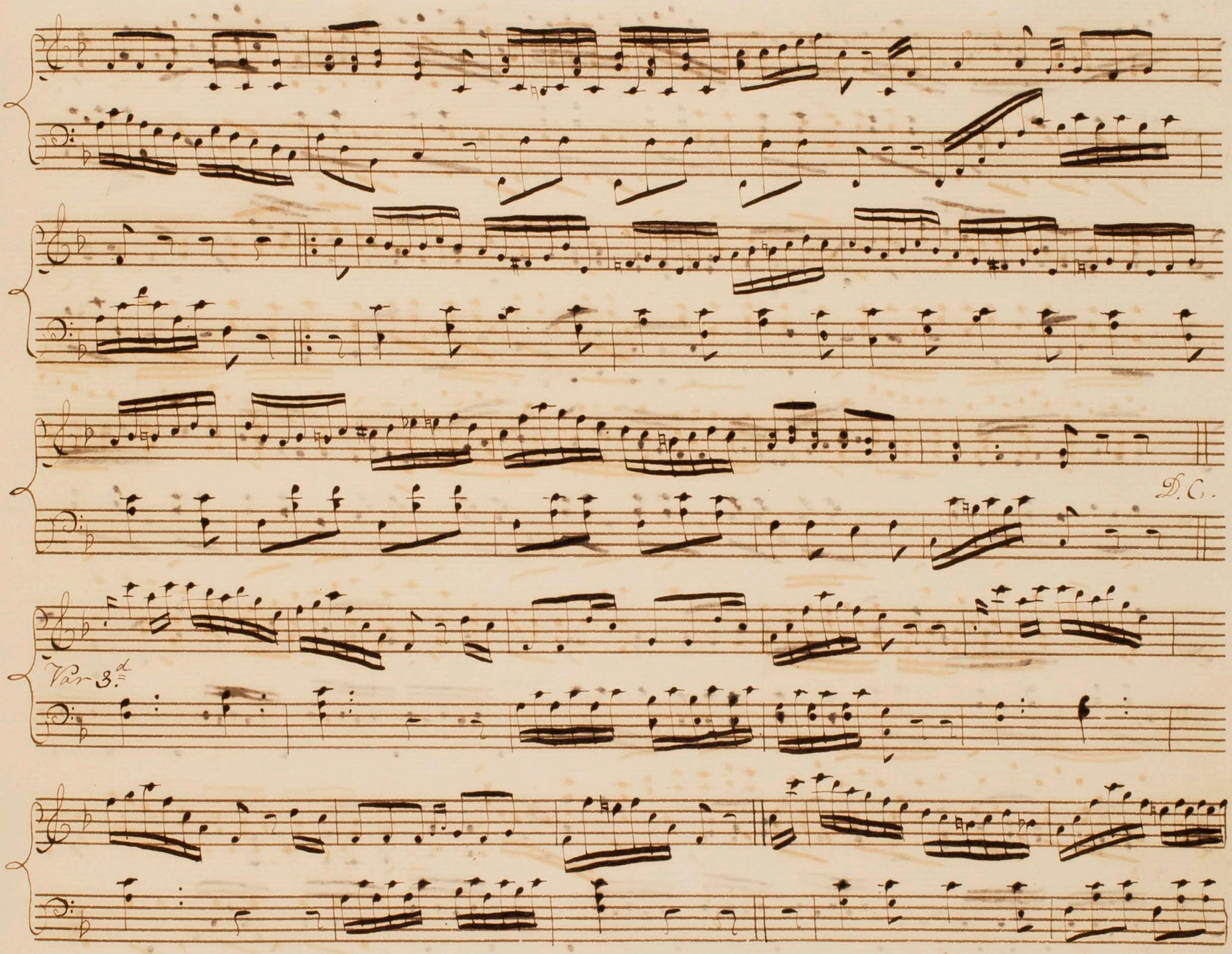
3

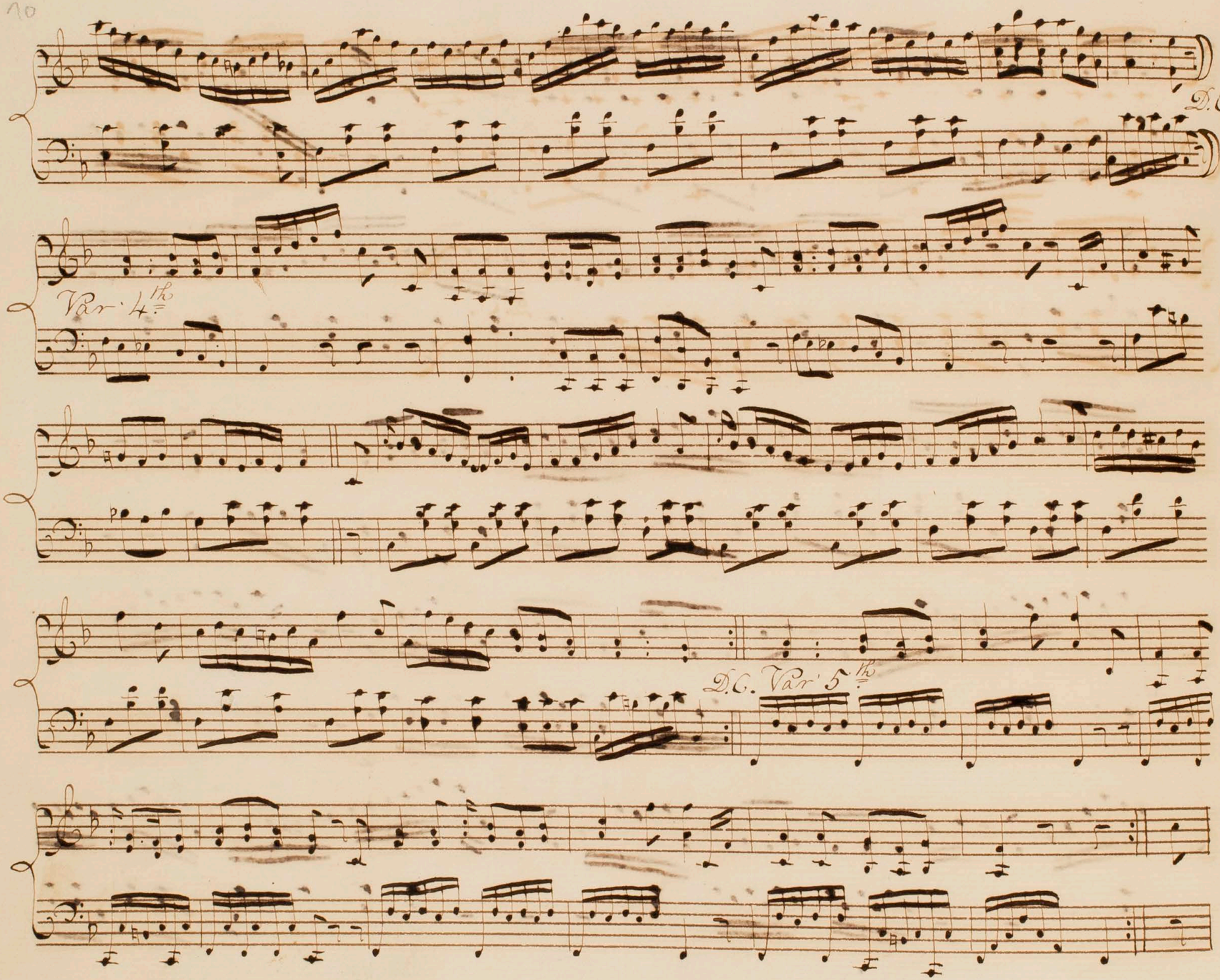
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin adair;
Yet I'll be true to thee,
Robin adair;
And him I lov'd so well
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh! I can ne'er forget,
Robin Adair!!!

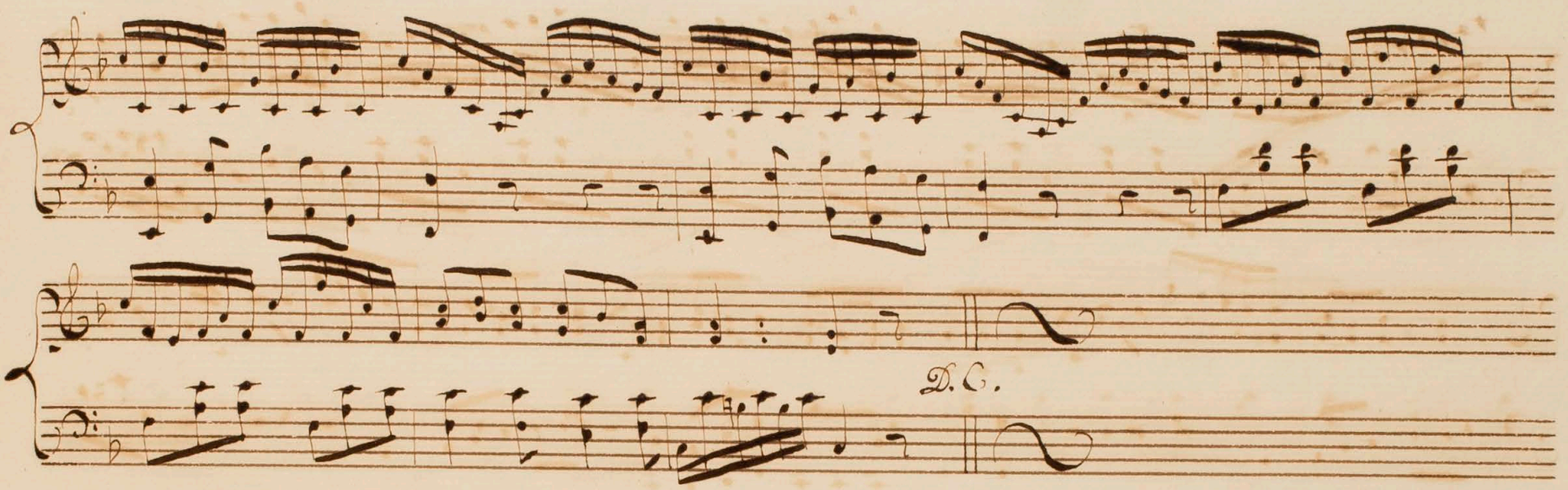

Ah sure a pair was never seen,
Ah sure a pair was never seen, so justly formed to meet by nature!
the youth excelling so in mein, the maid in ev'ry graceful feature. O how happy
are such lovers, when kindred beauties each discovers! for surely she was made
for thee, and thou to bless this charming creature.

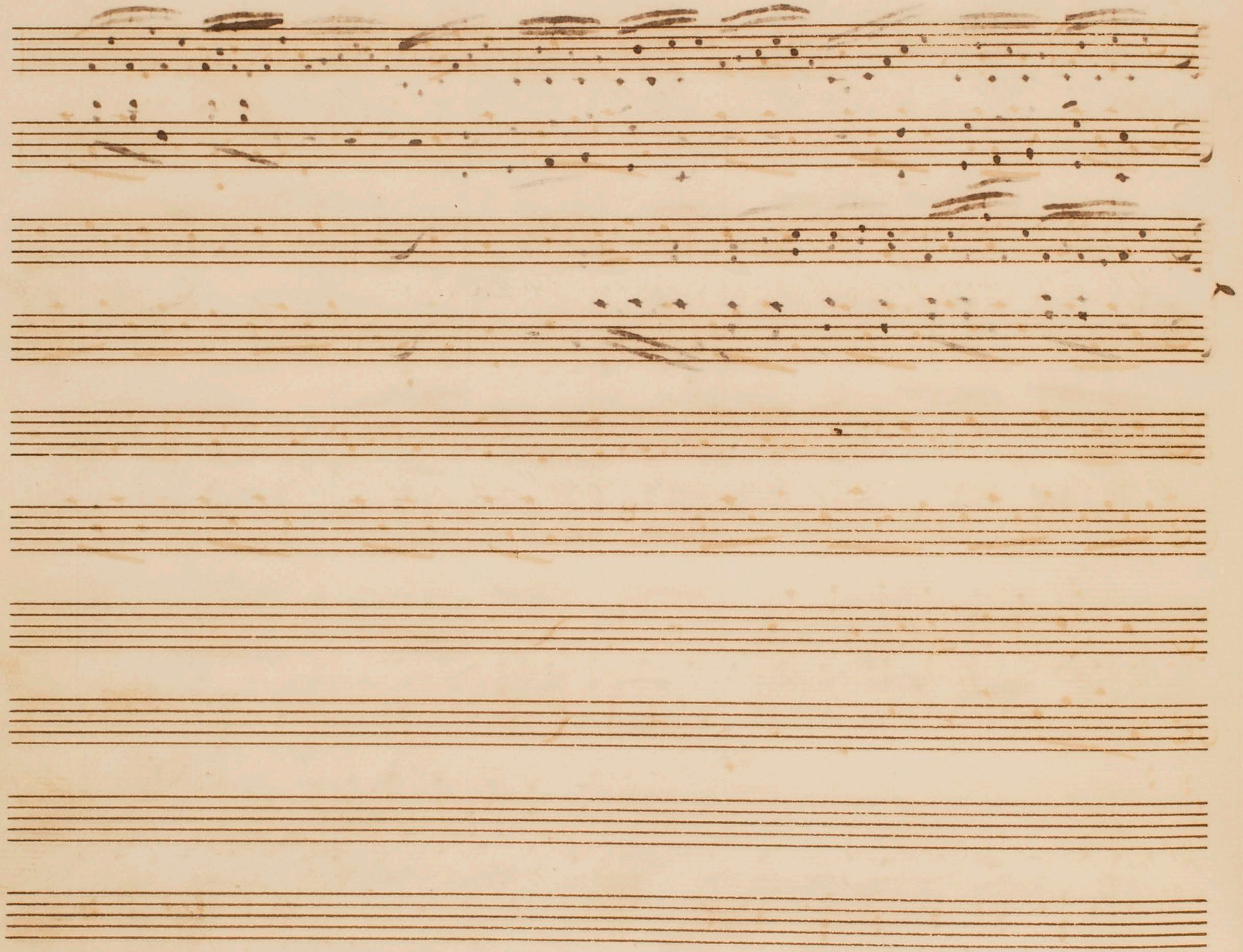



Variations to "Life let us cherish"
Andantino
Thema
D.C.
Var. 1st
D.C. Var. 2d

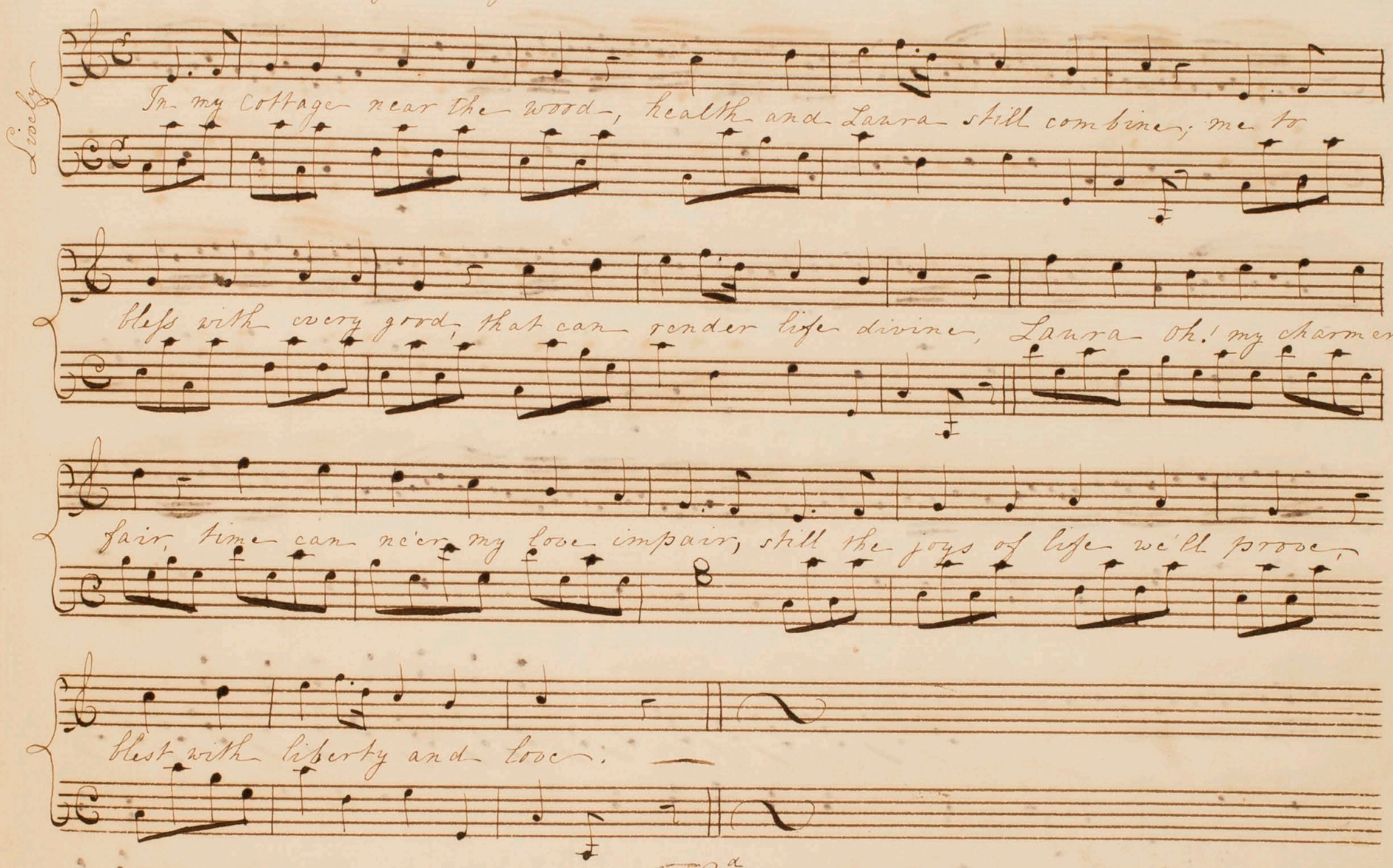

D.C.
Var 3.de

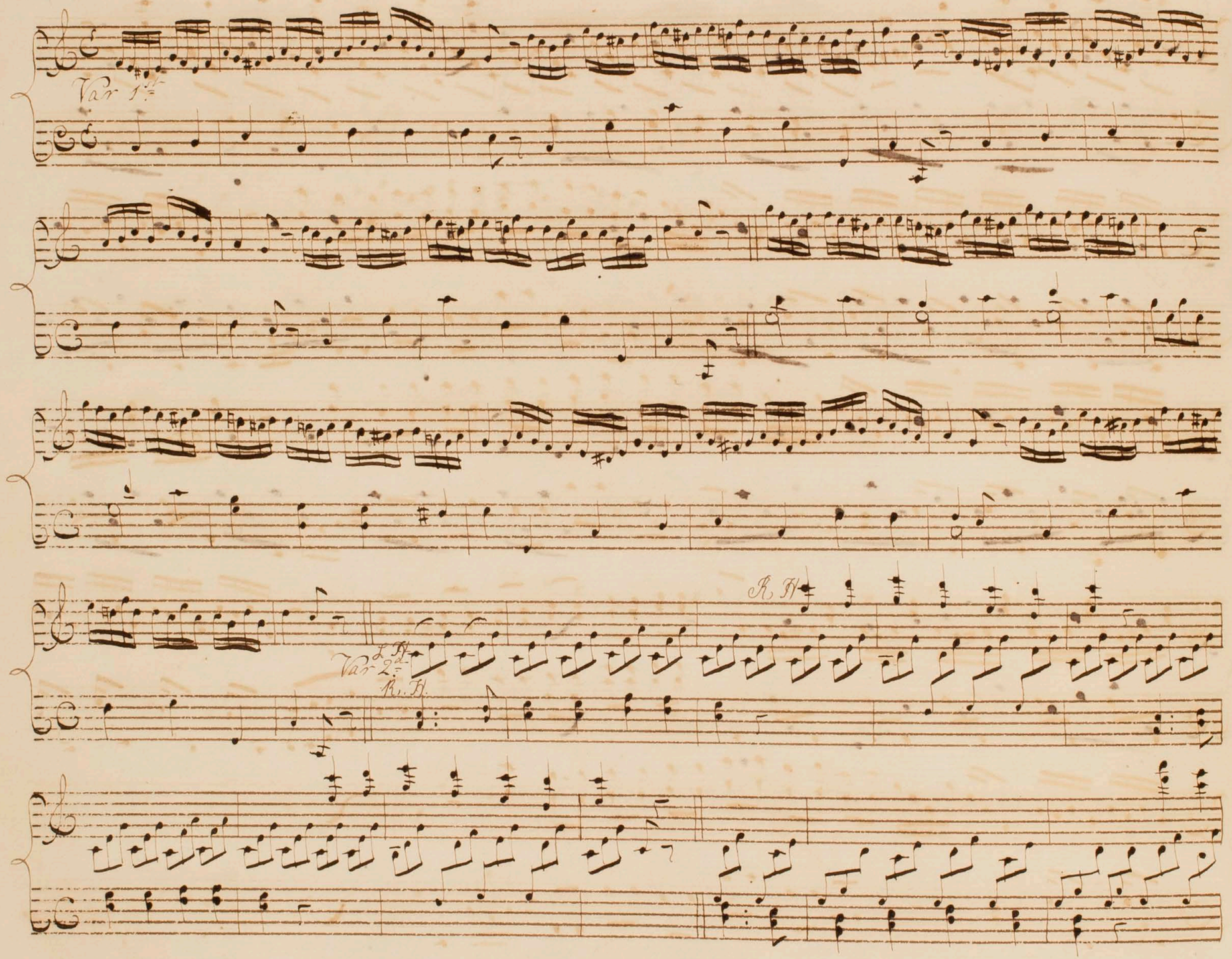

D.C.
Var. 4th
D.C. Var. 5th

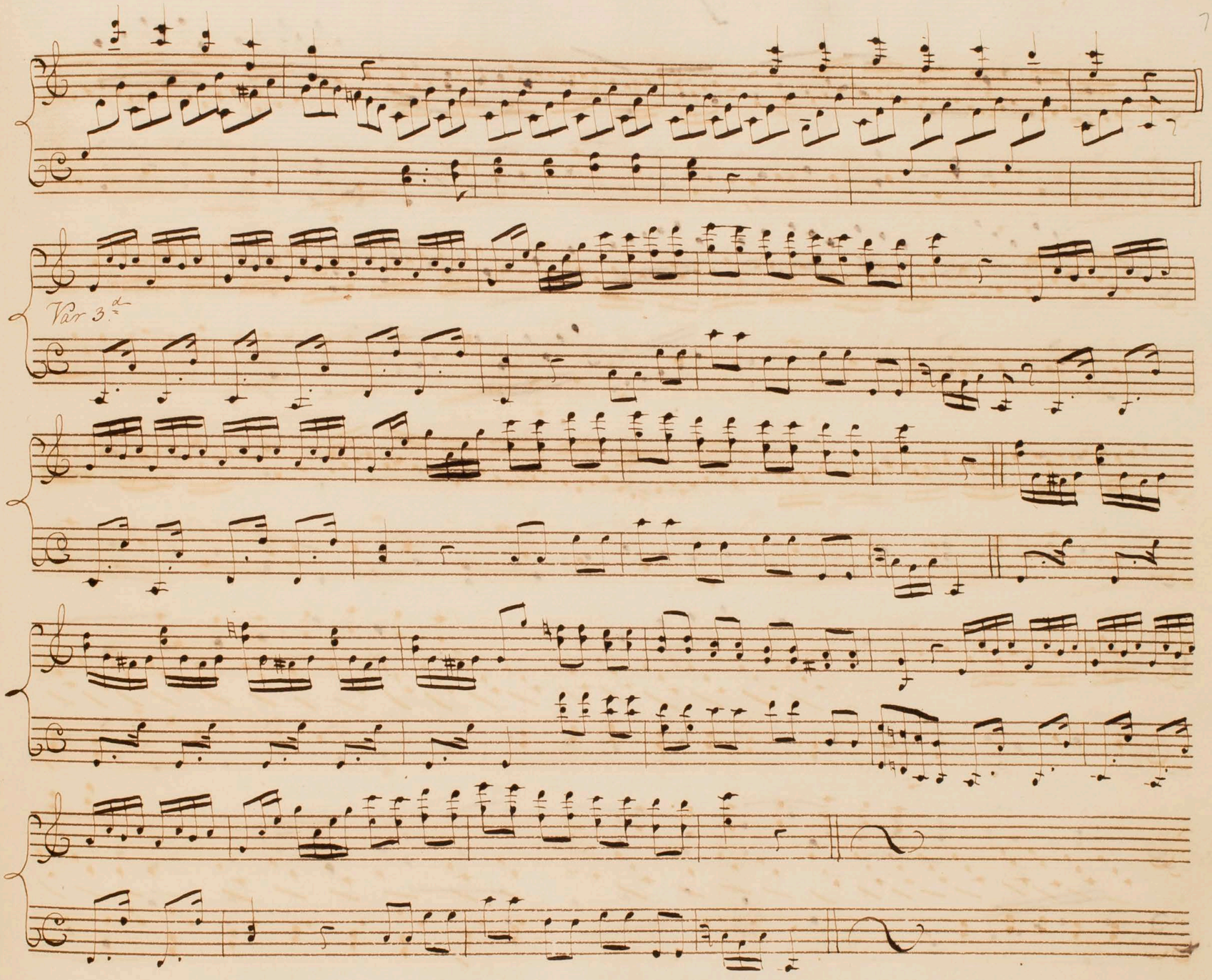

D. C.



In my Cottage near the Wood — with variations —




Var 1ma
Var 2da
R. H.
R. H.

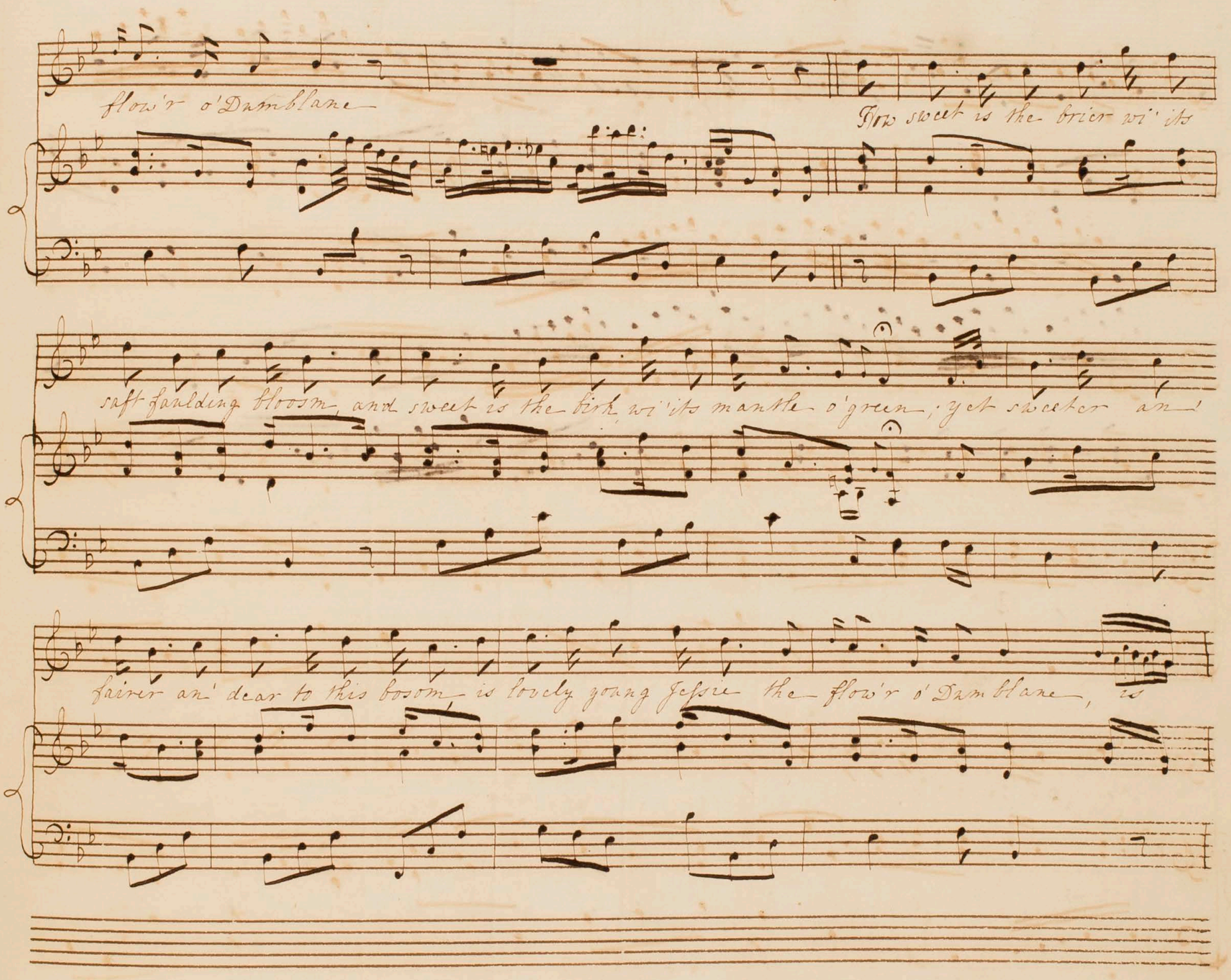

Var 3.a

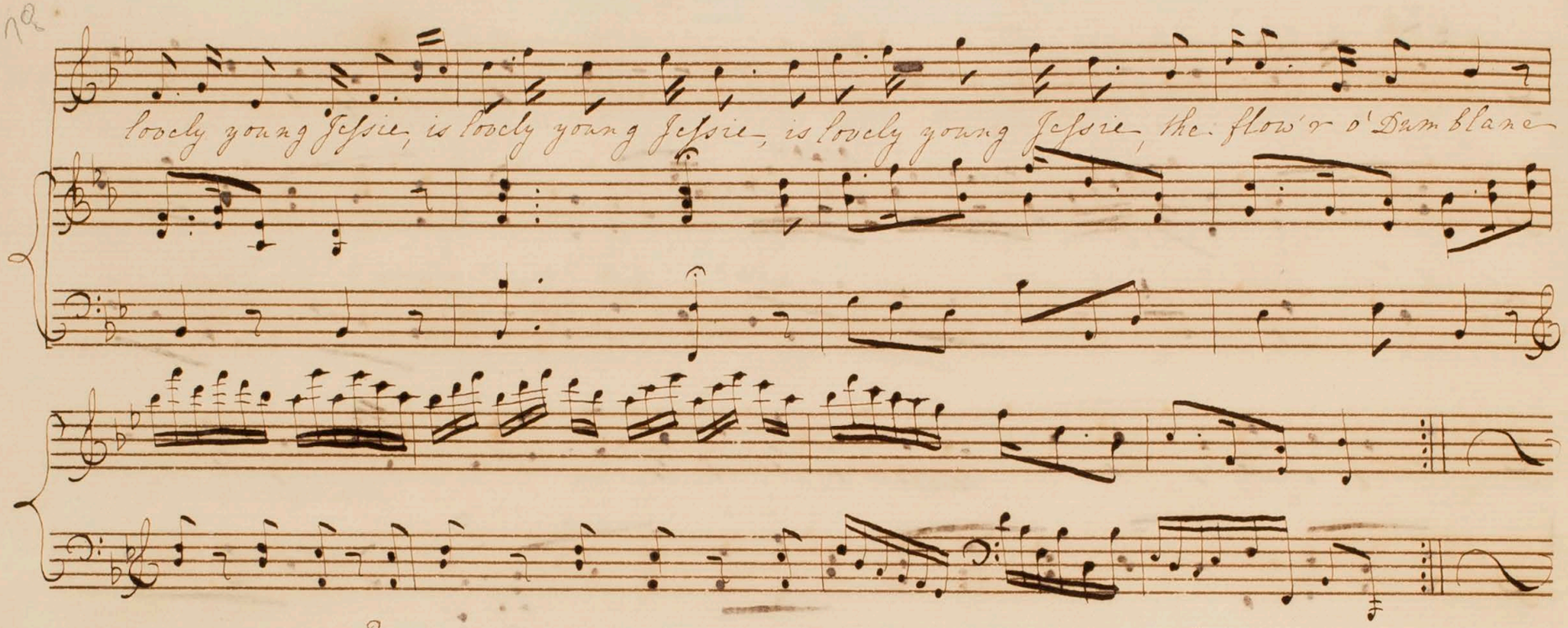
Jessie the flow'r o Dumblane —

Andante

The Sun has gone down o'er the lofty Benlomond, and left the red clouds to preside o'er the

scene, while lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming; to muse on sweet Jessie the


flow'r o' Dumblane
How sweet is the brier wi' its
saft fauldin' bloosm, and sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green, yet sweeter an'
fairer an' dear to this bosom is lovely young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane,



2

She's modest as ony, an' blithe as she's bonny,
For gudeless simplicity marks her its ain,
An' far be the villan divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dumb.
Sing on thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen,
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.

3

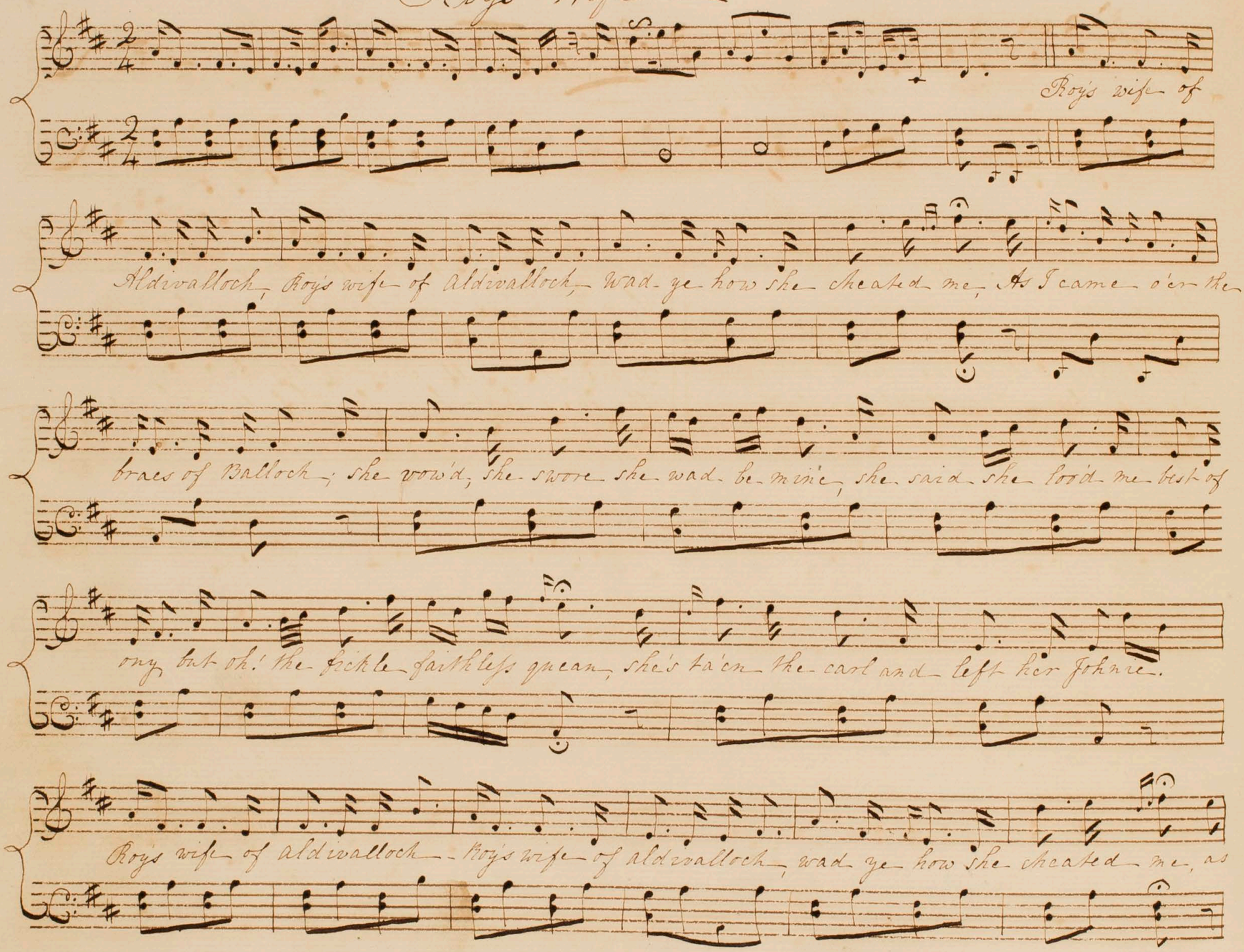
How lost were my days, till I met wi' my Jessie
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain,
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear Jessie
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane,
Though mine were the station, o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.

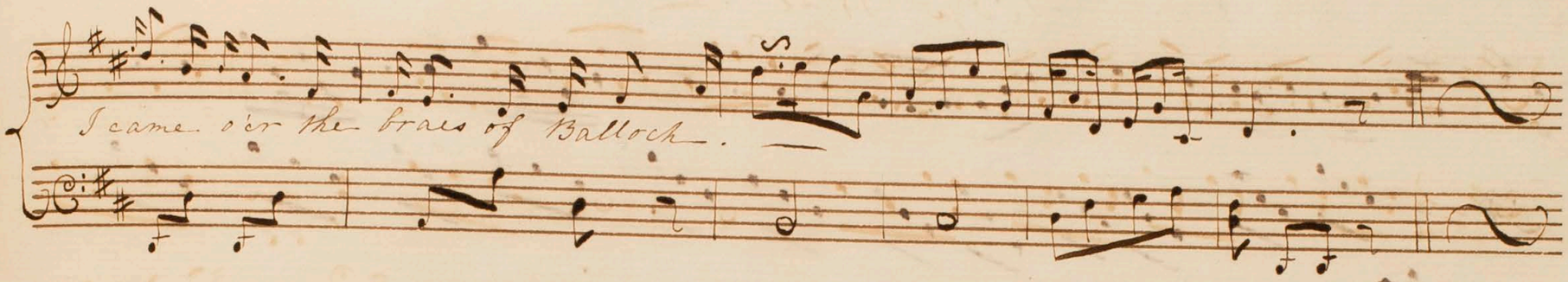
Roy's Wife —

Andantino 80

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, wad ye how she cheated me, As I came o'er the braes of Balloch; she vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, she said she lood me best of ony but oh! the fickle faithless quean, she's ta'en the carl and left her Johnie.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch — Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, wad ye how she cheated me, as





Roy's wife of aldivalloch R.
Oh she was a canty quean,
And well could dance the highland wallochm
How happy I had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of aldivalloch.

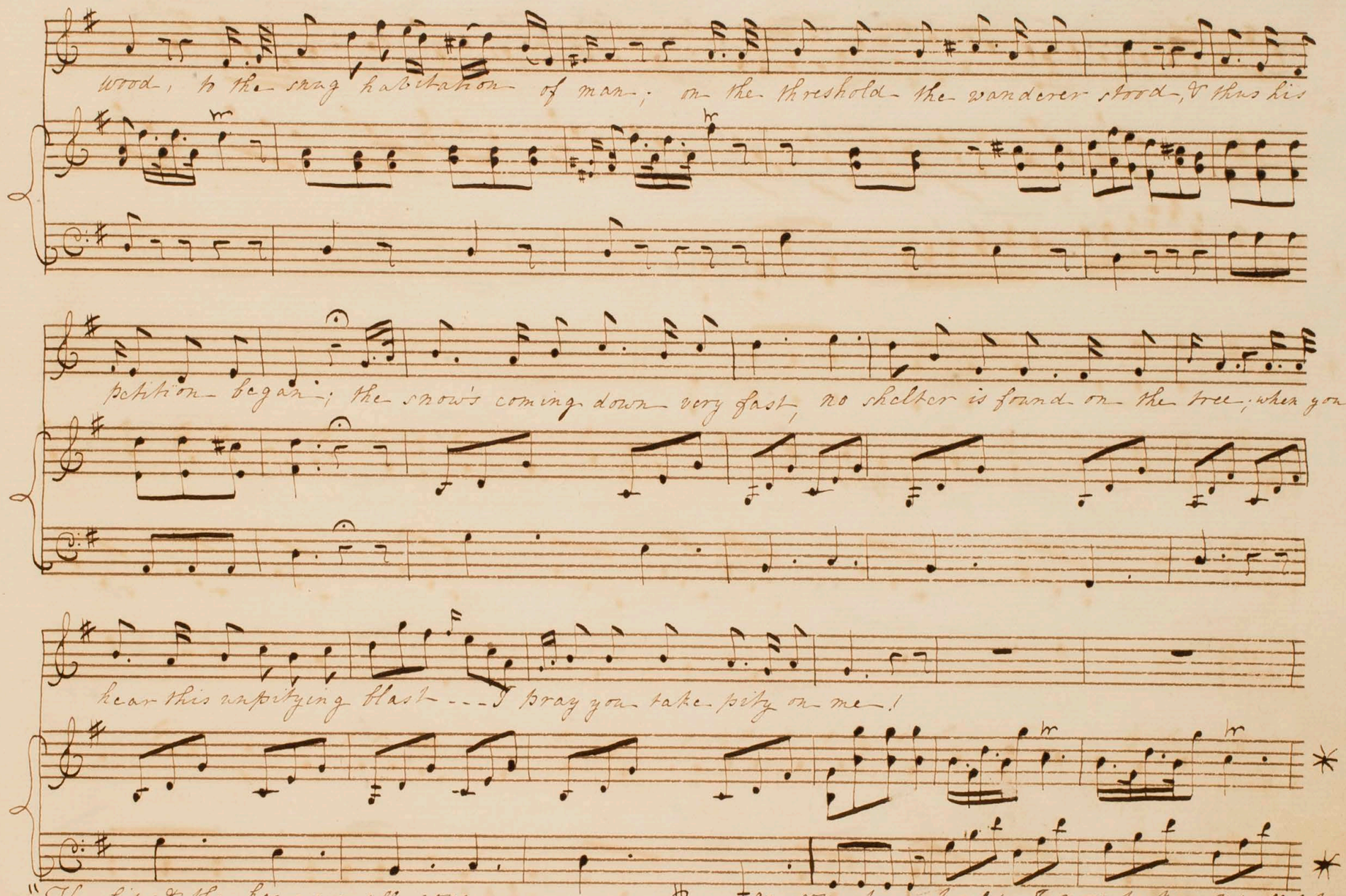
Roy's wife of aldivalloch r.
Her hair sae fair, her e'en so clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny,
To me she will ever will be dear,
Tho' she's left her faithful Johnie.

The Robins petition. —

Andante

When the leaves had forsaken the trees, and the forests were chilly and bare; when the brooks were

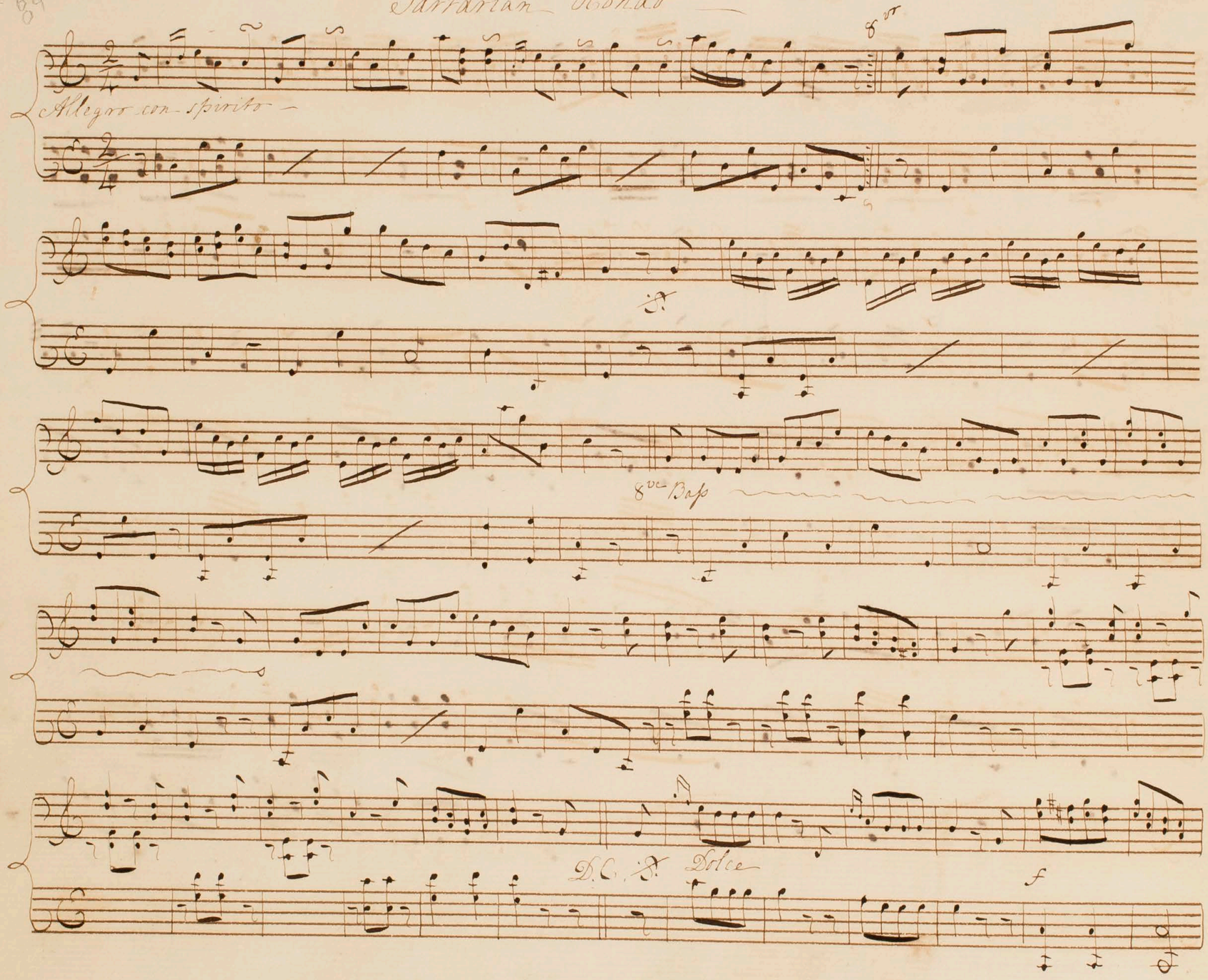
beginning to freeze, and the snow waver'd fast through the air; a Robin had fled from the

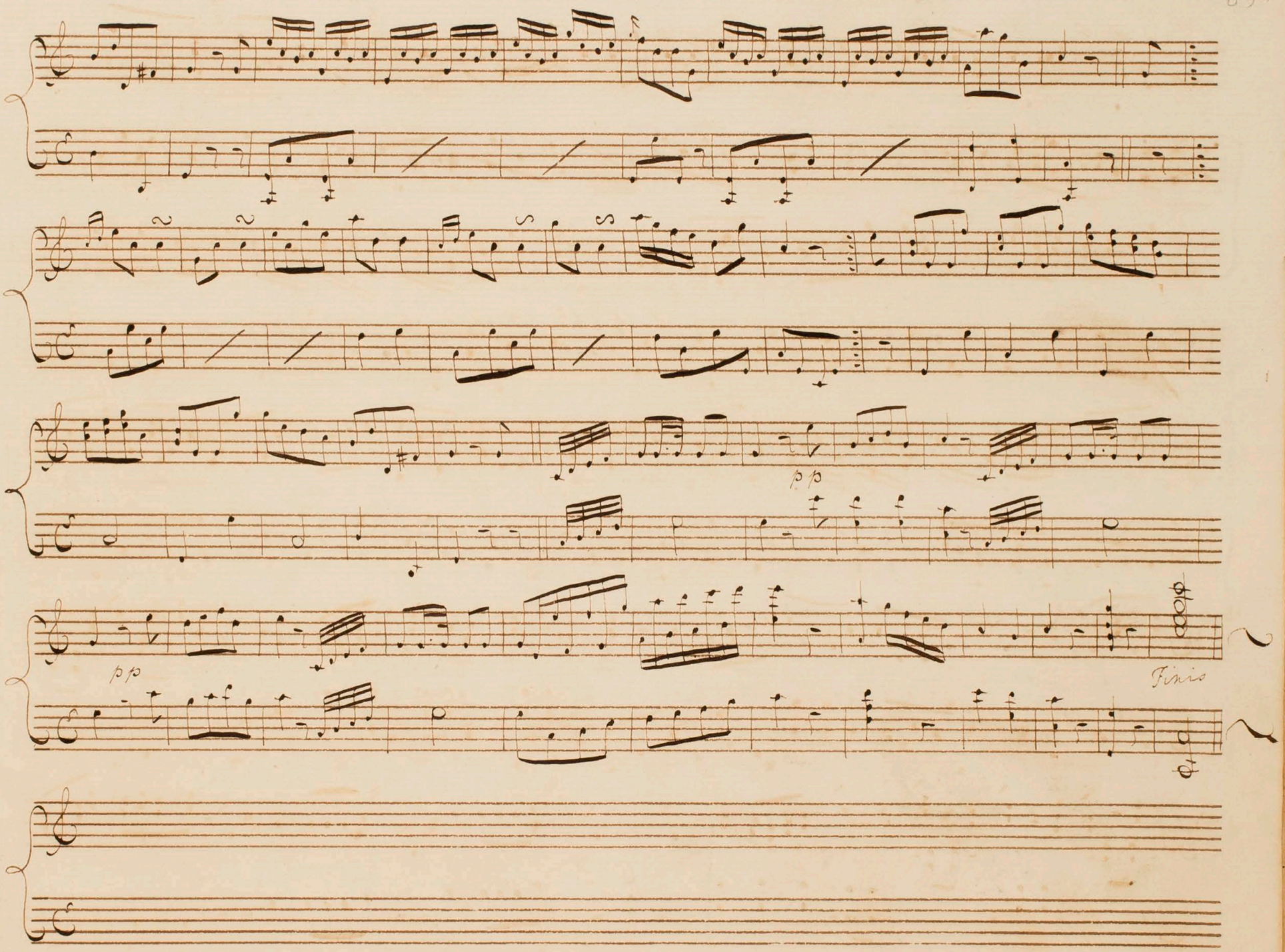


"The hips & the haws are all gone,
I can find neither berry nor sloe;
The ground is as hard as a stone,
And I'm almost buried in snow;
My little dear nest once so near,
Is now empty and ragged and torn,

On some tree should I now take my seat,
I'd be frozen quite fast before morn!
O throw me a morsel of bread!
Take me in by the side of your fire
And when I am warmed and fed
I'll whistle without other hire!"

Tartarian Rondo




pp
pp
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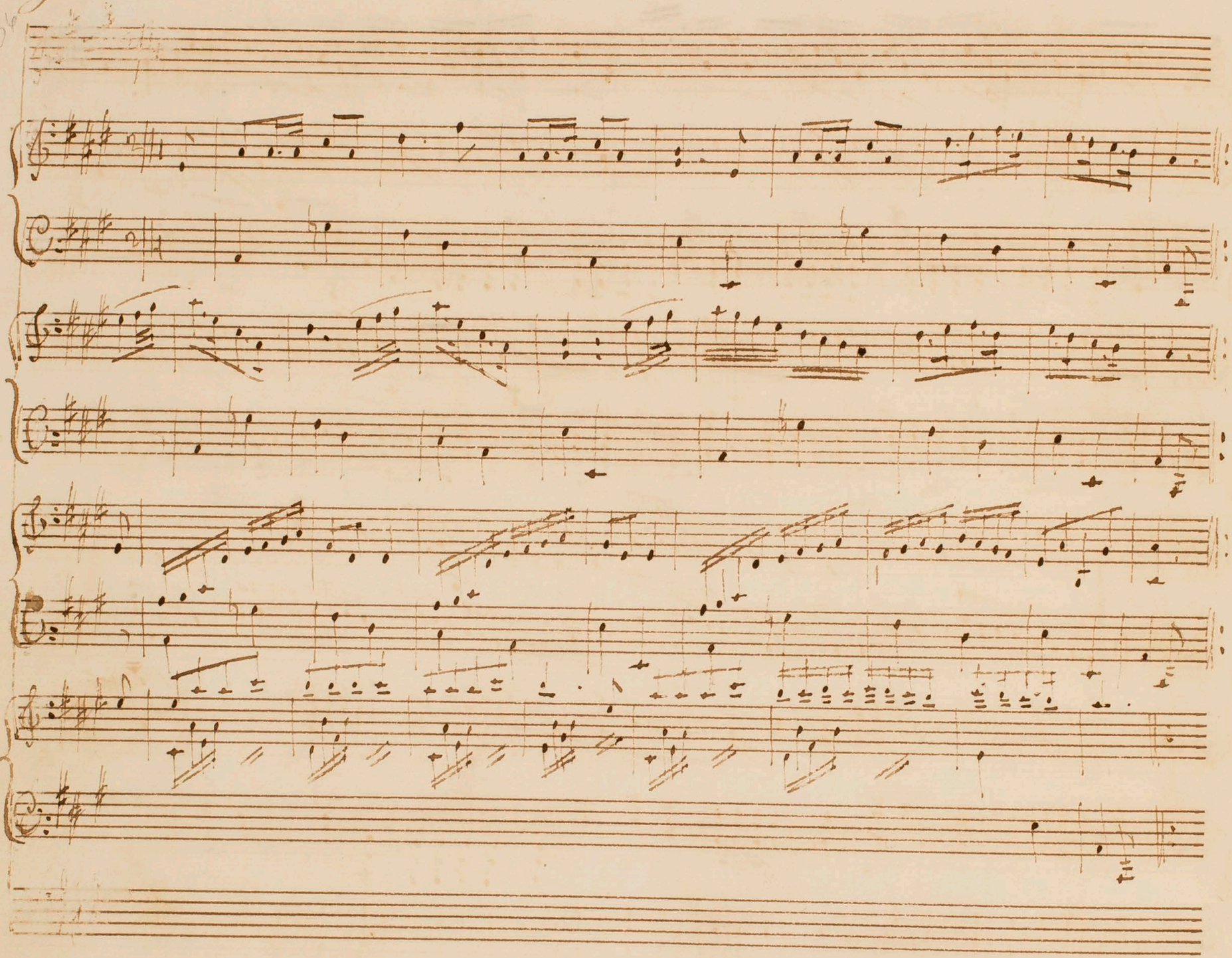
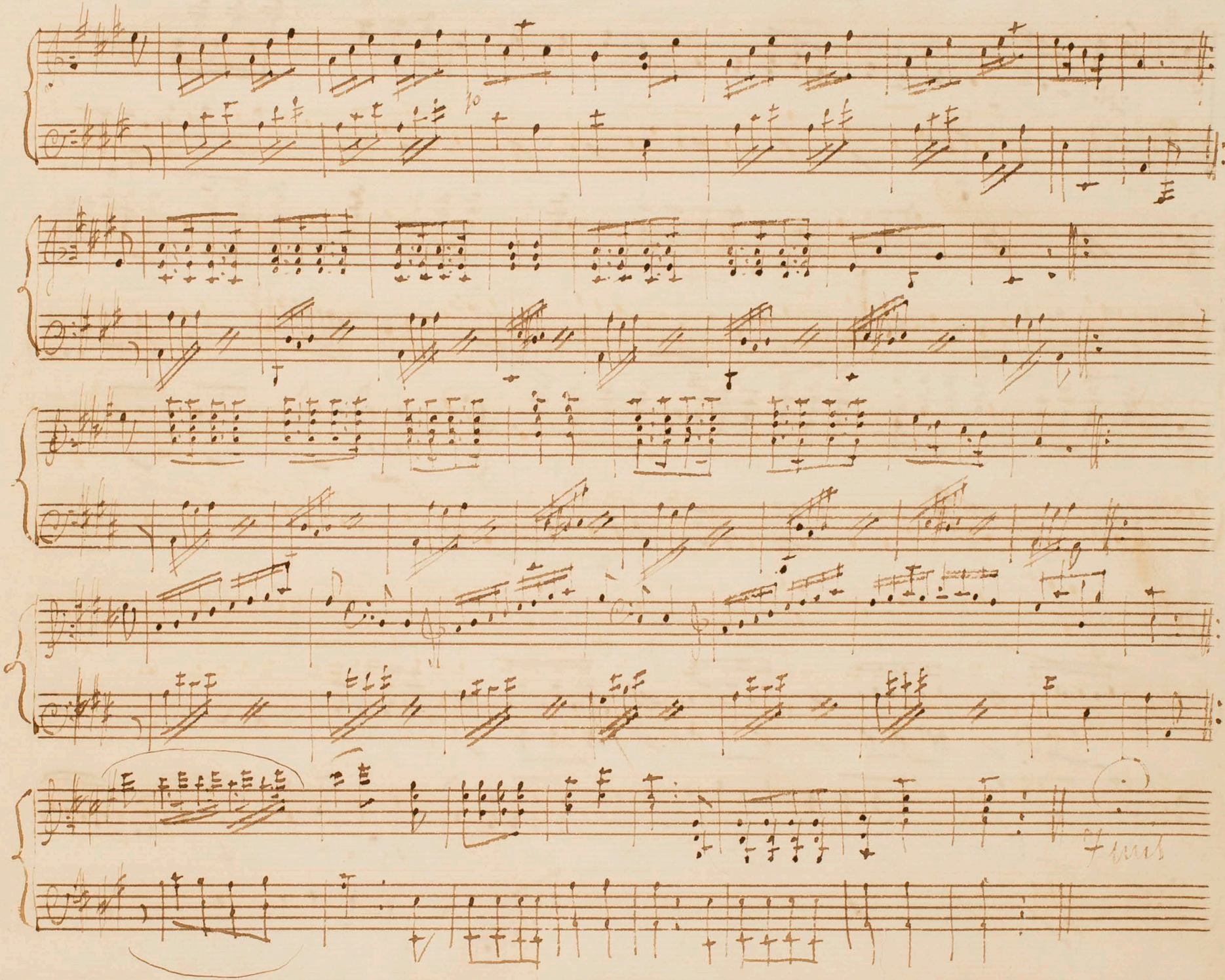
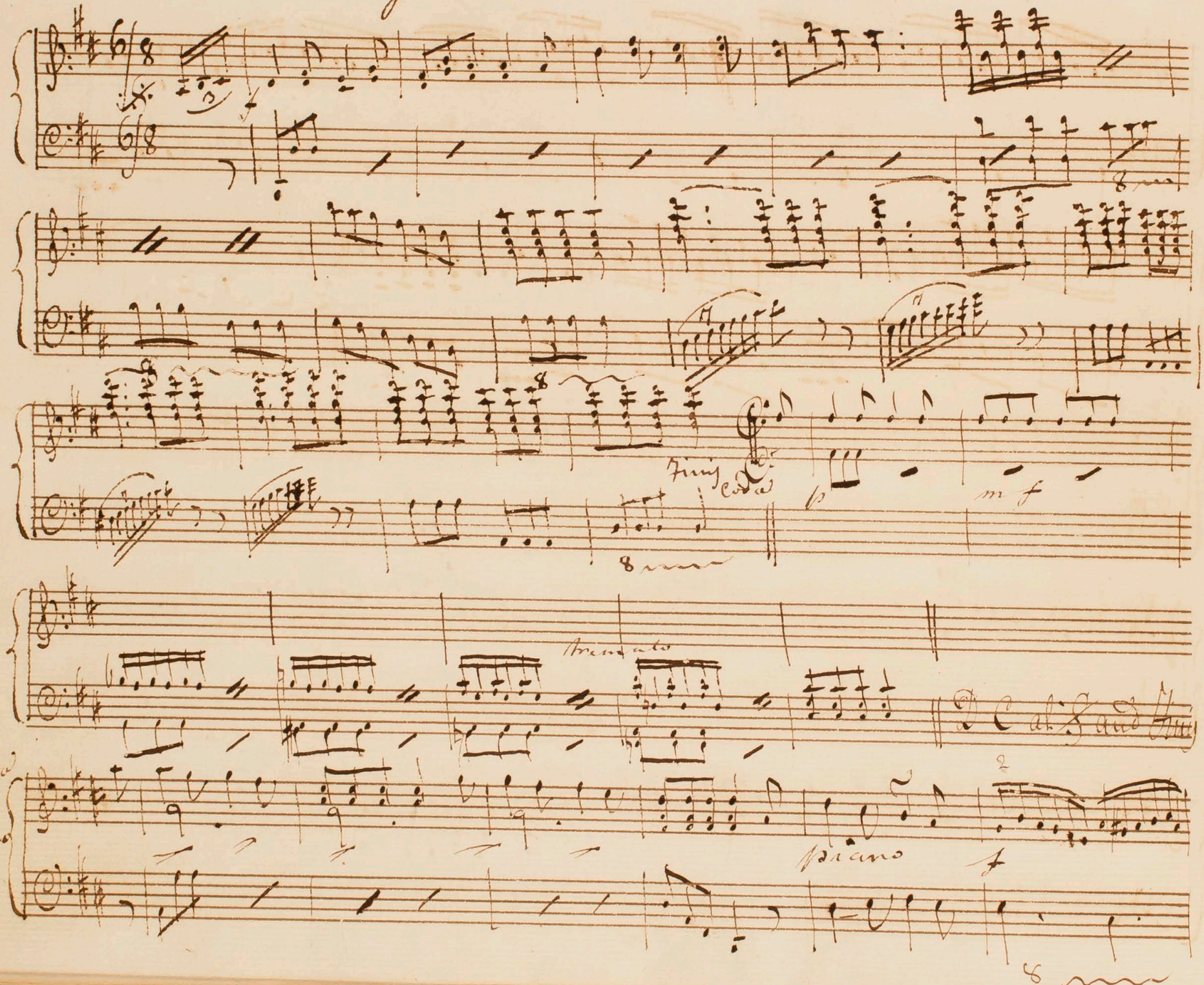
allegretto.

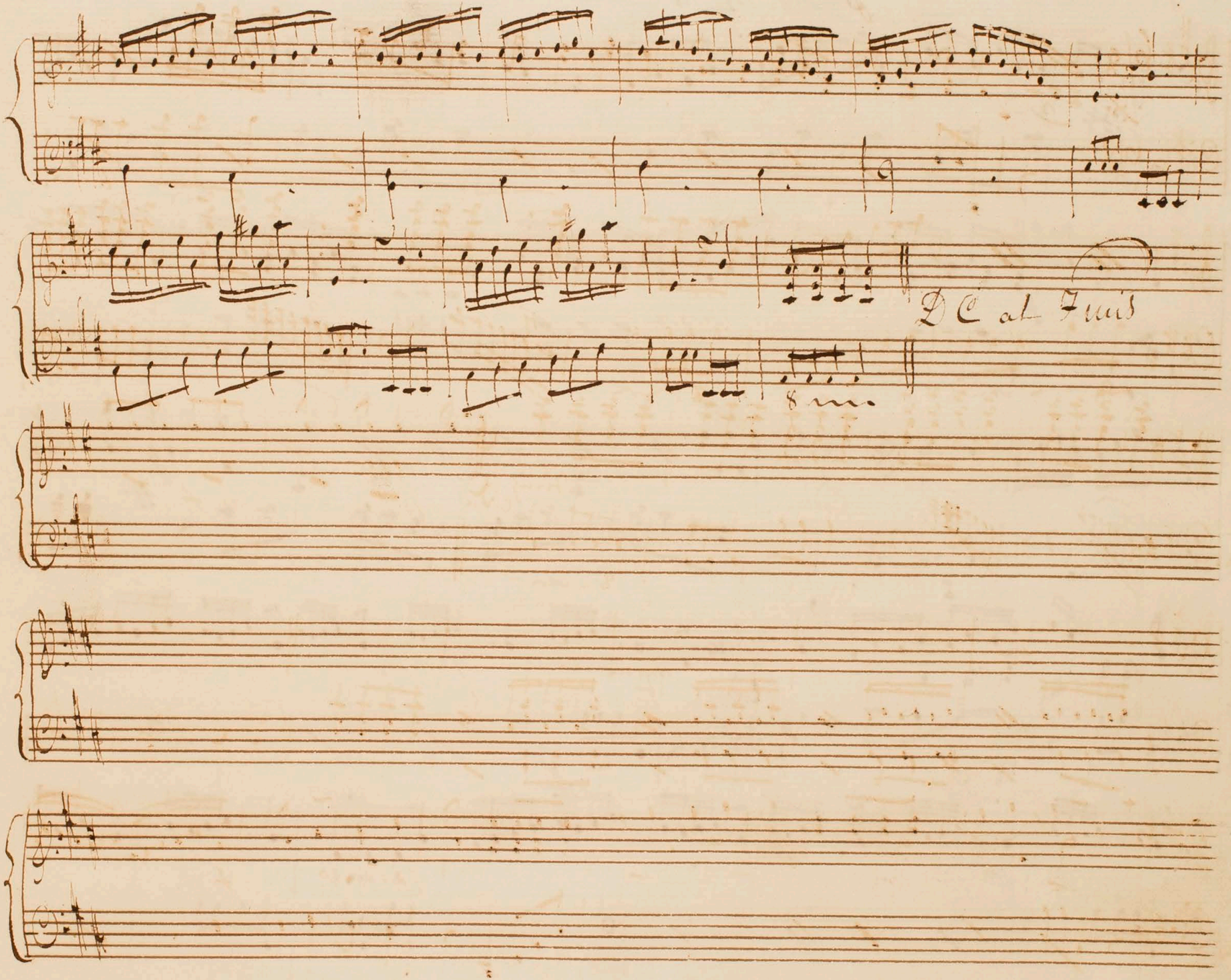
Scottish Rondo.





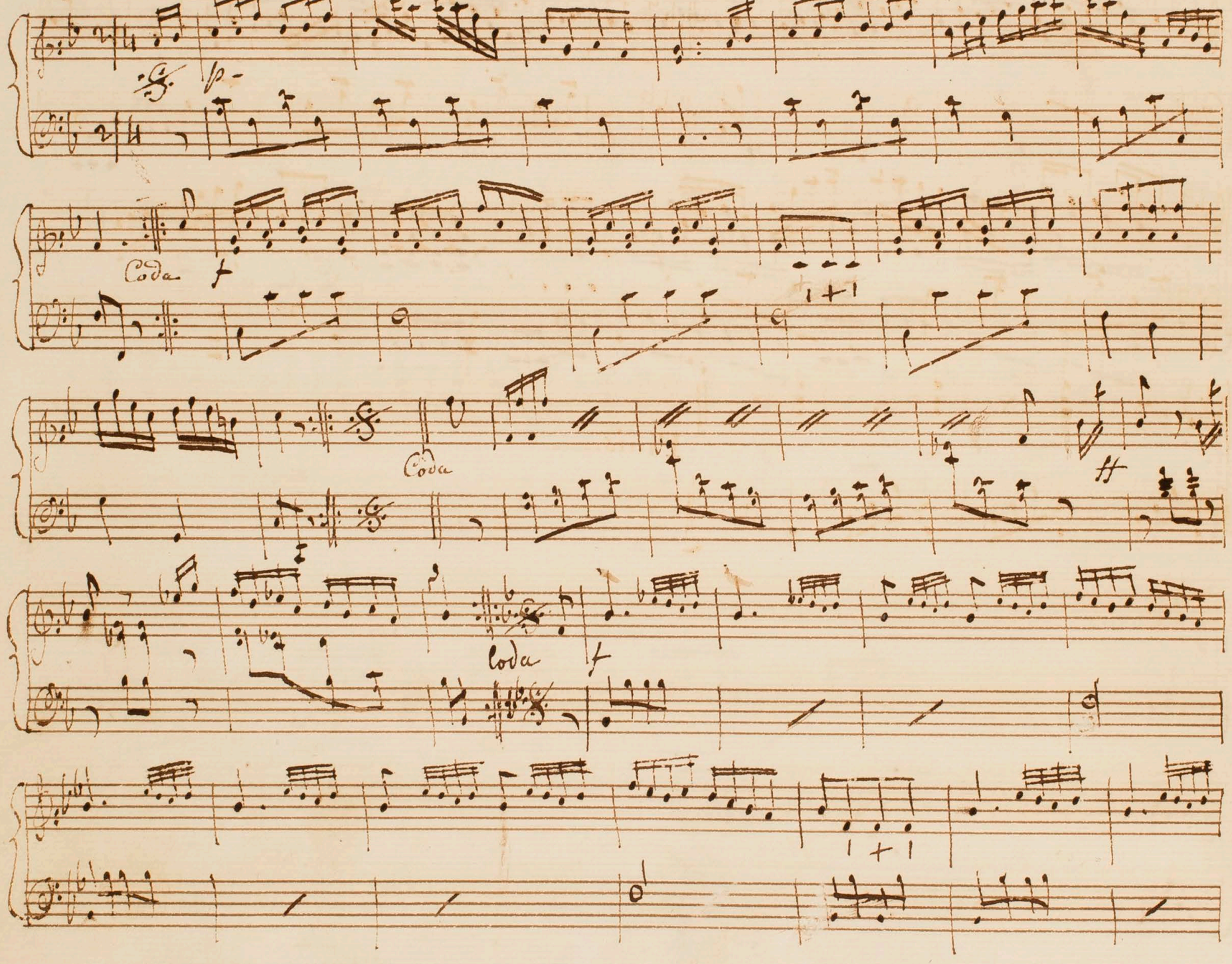
Allegro Risoluto.

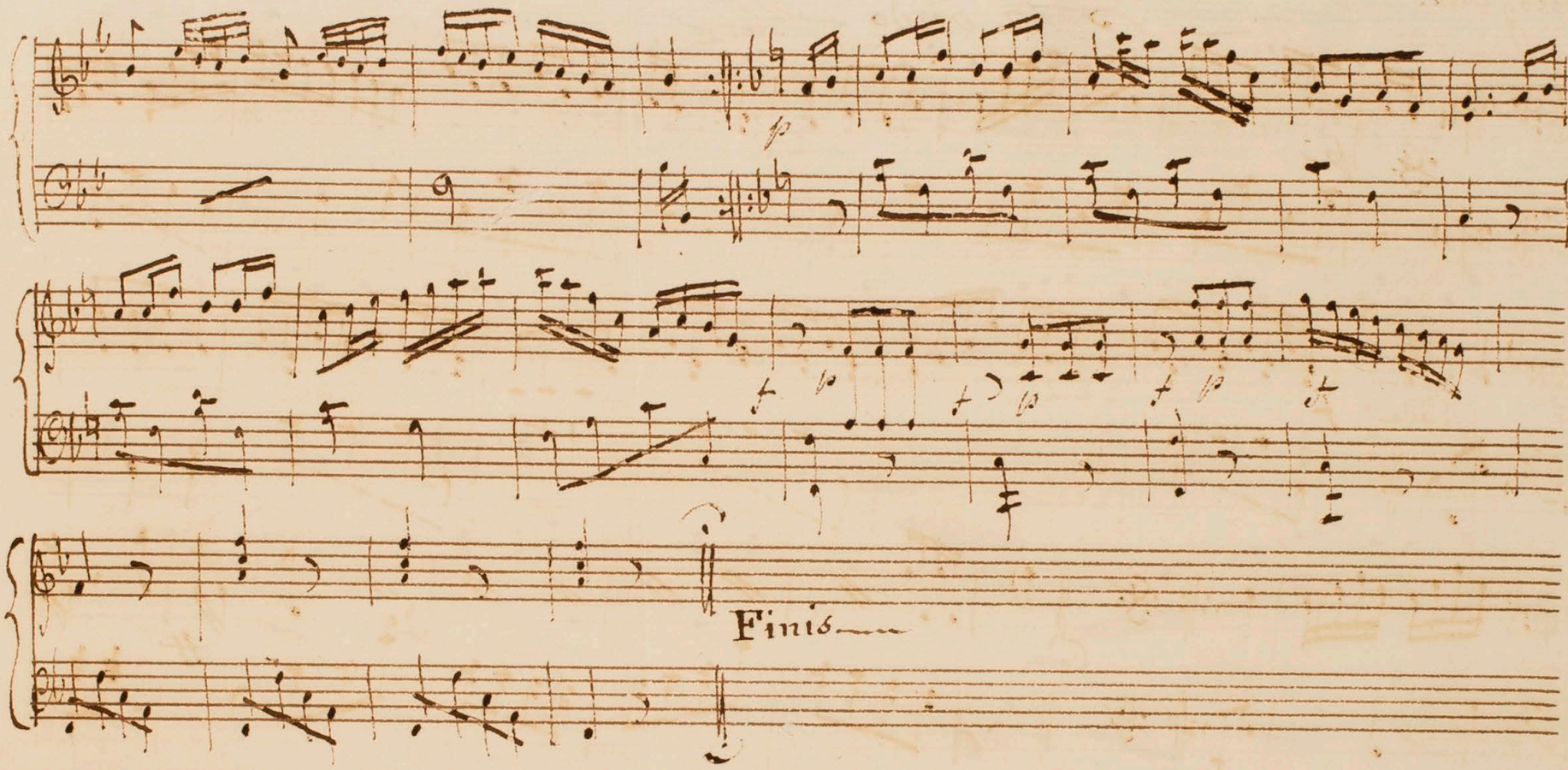



D C al Fine

90 Allegretto.

Rondo

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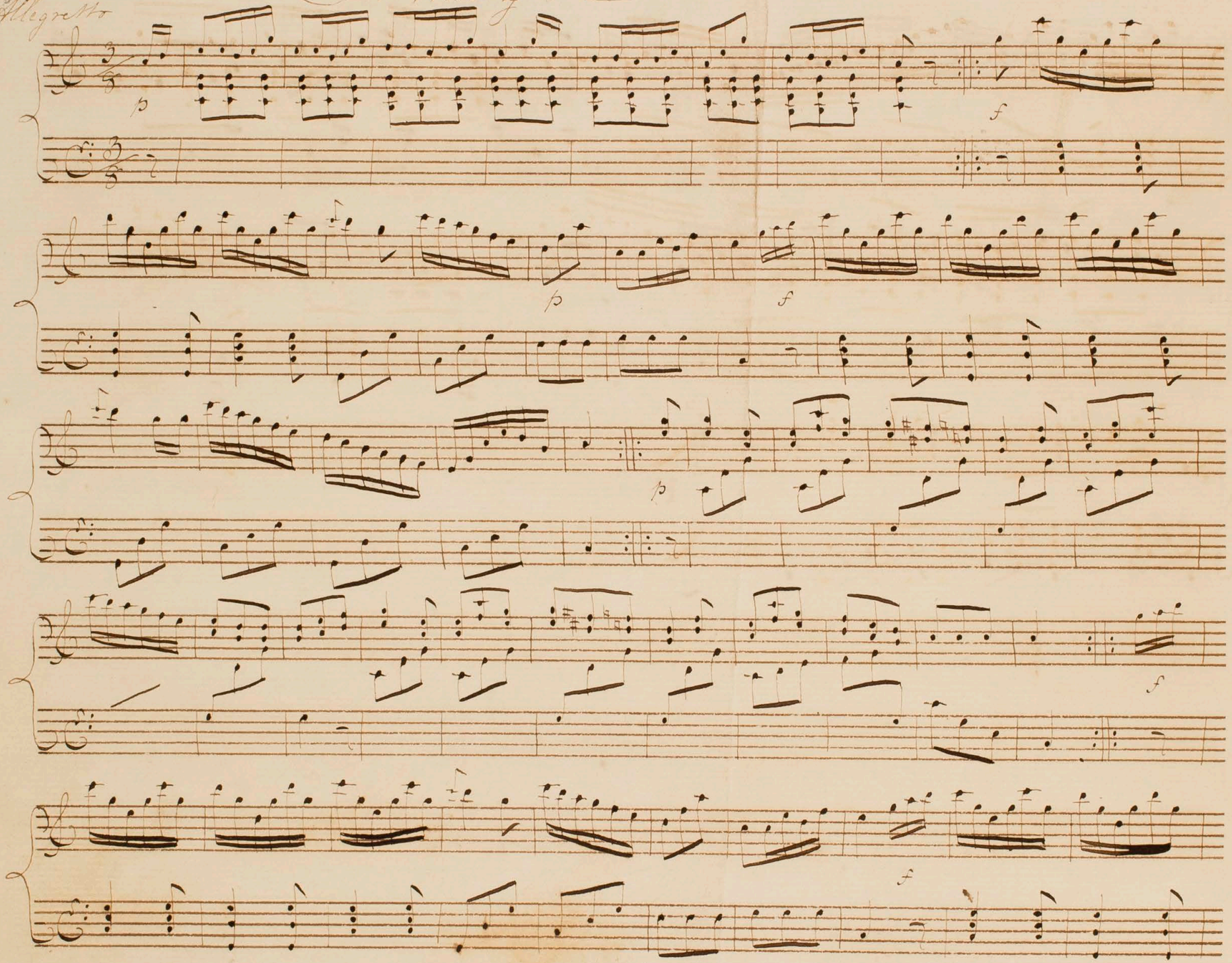
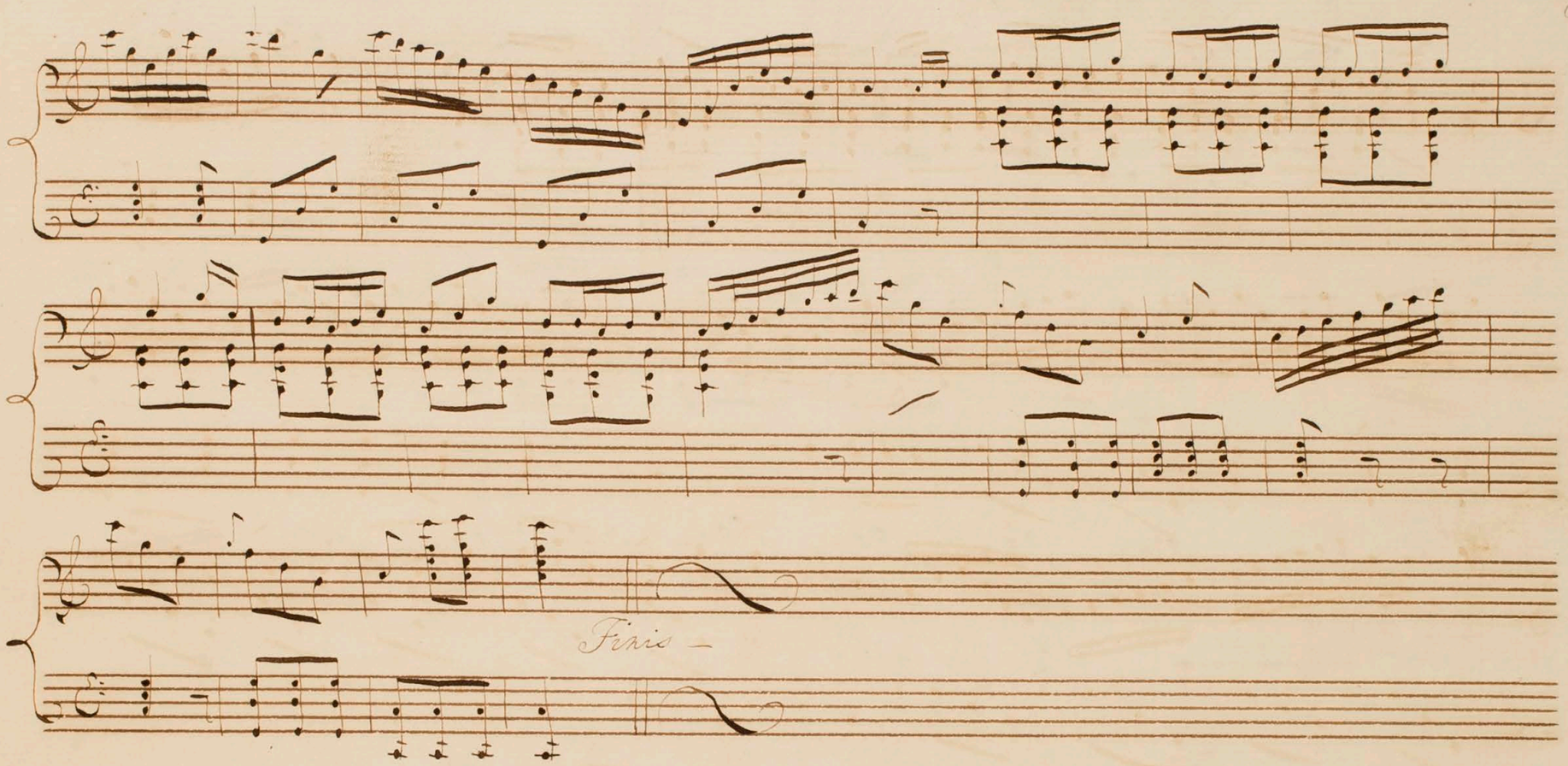
Waltz

Allegretto

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Waltz

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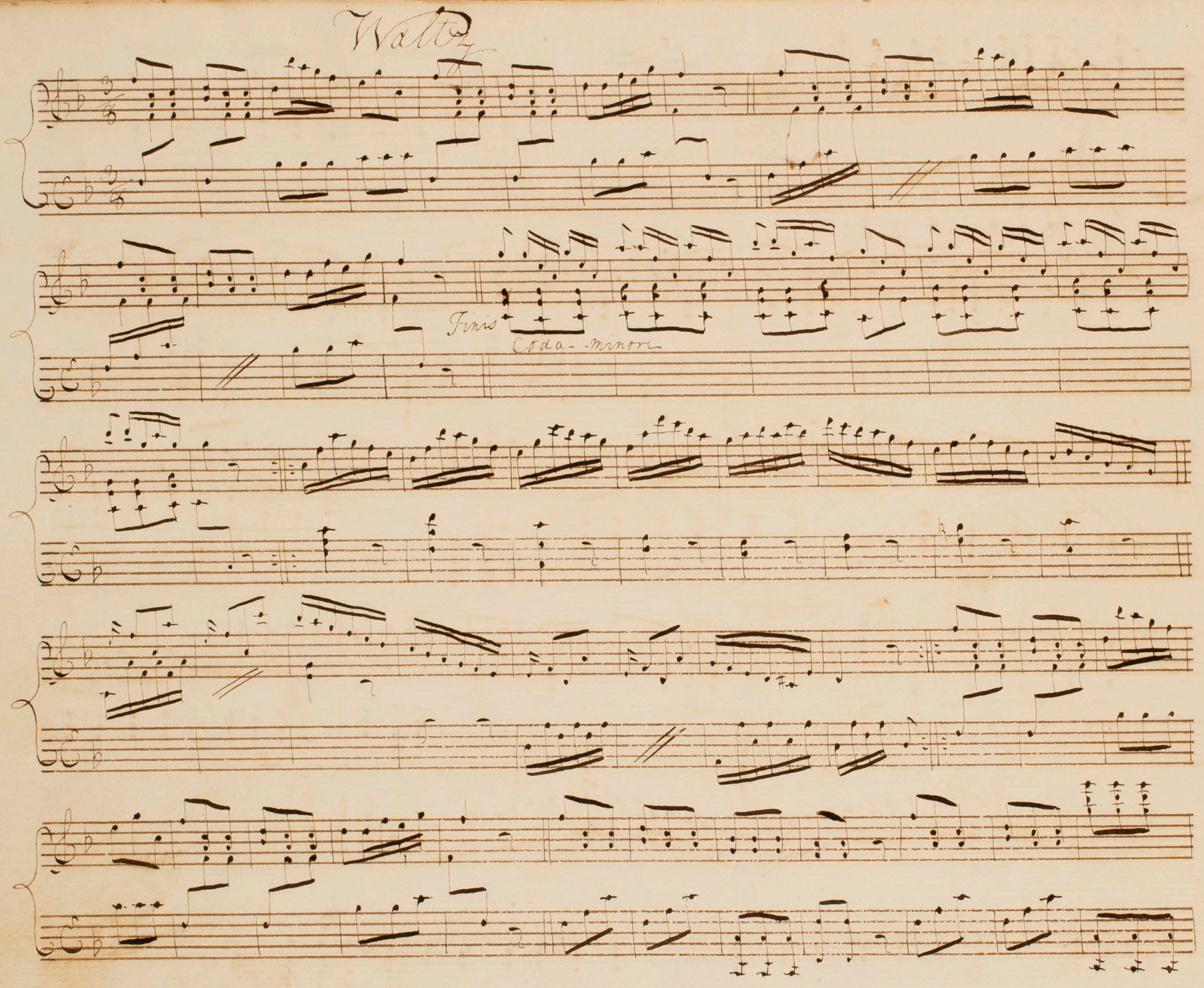
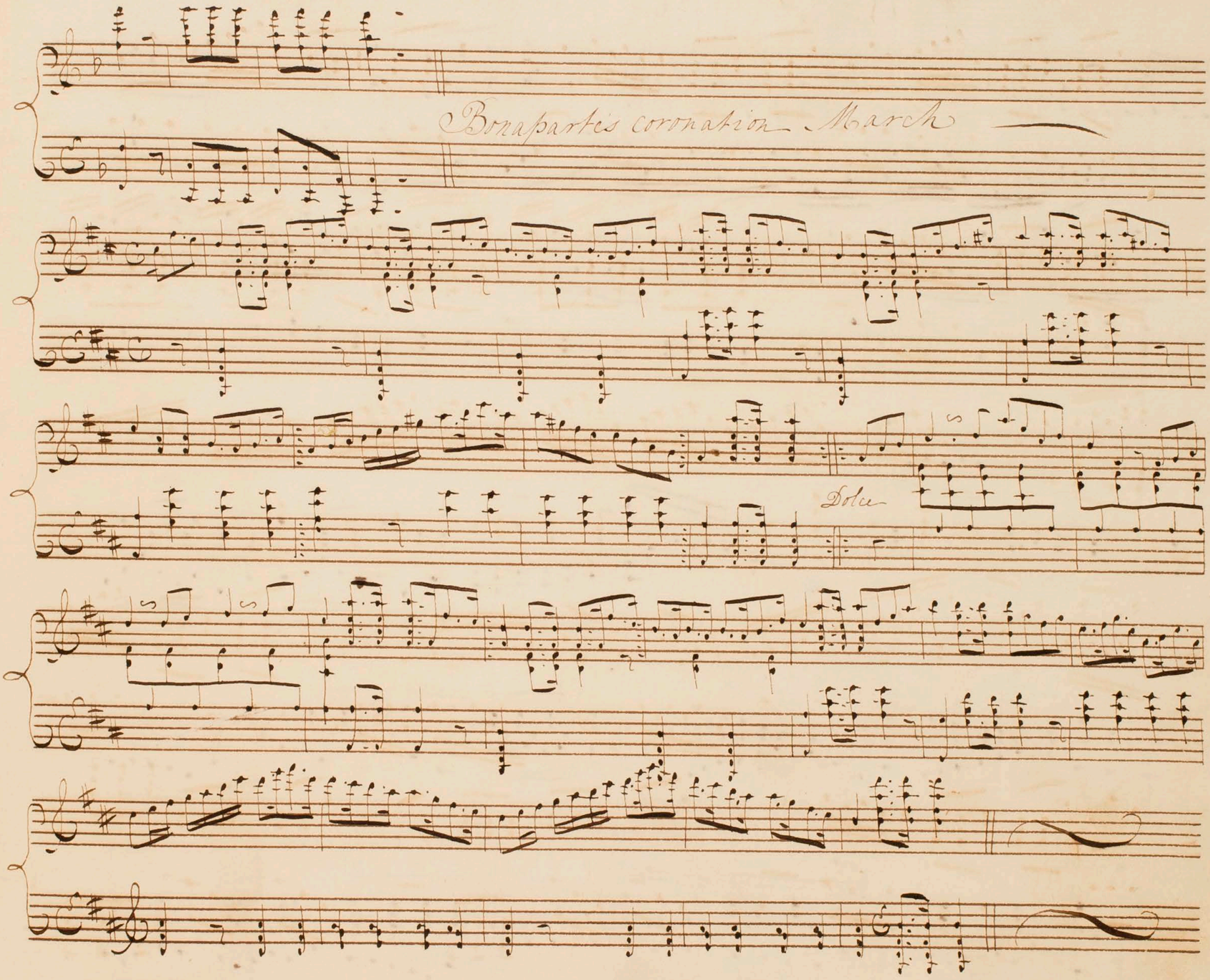
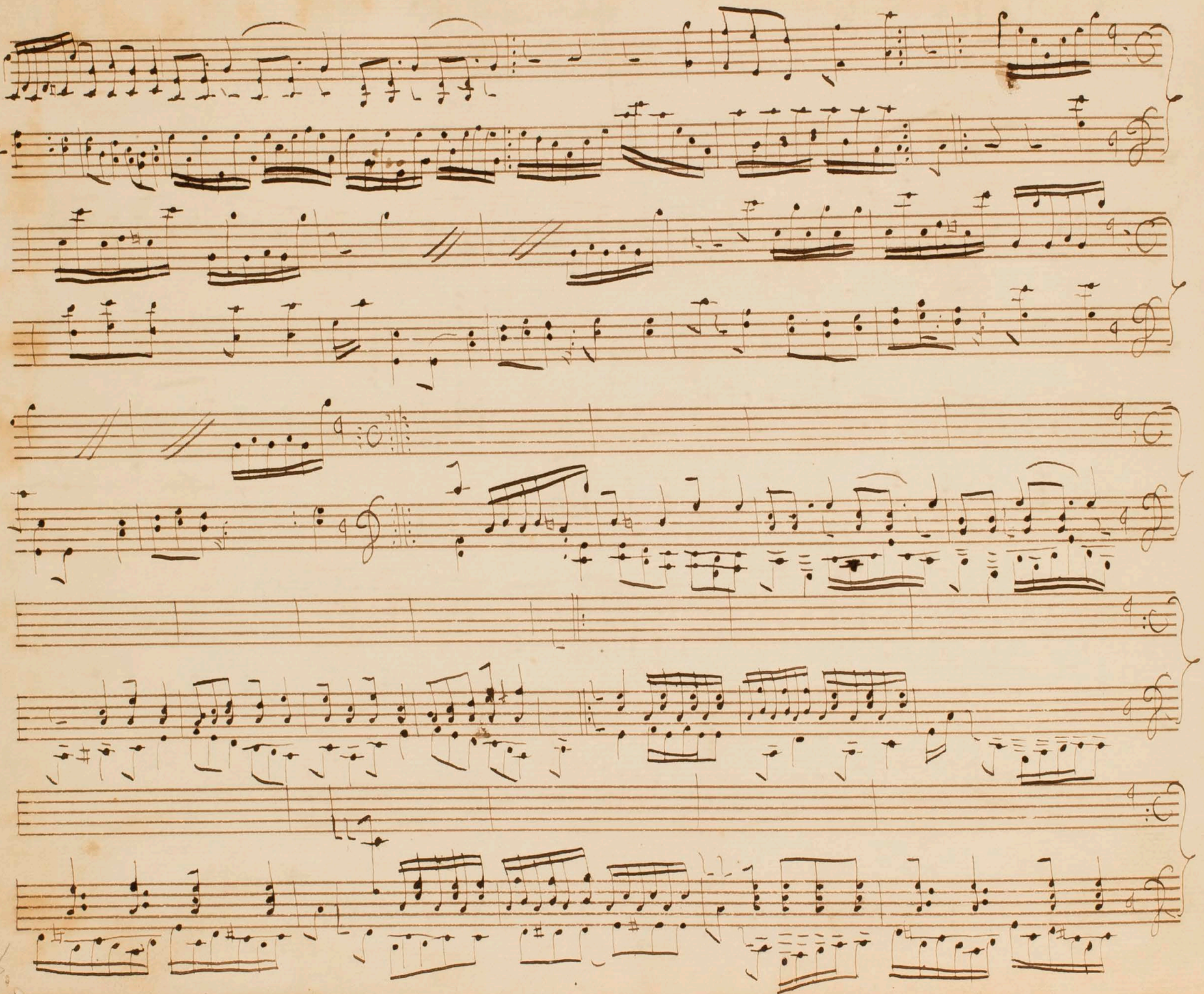
Coda - minore




Bonapartes coronation March
Dolce